

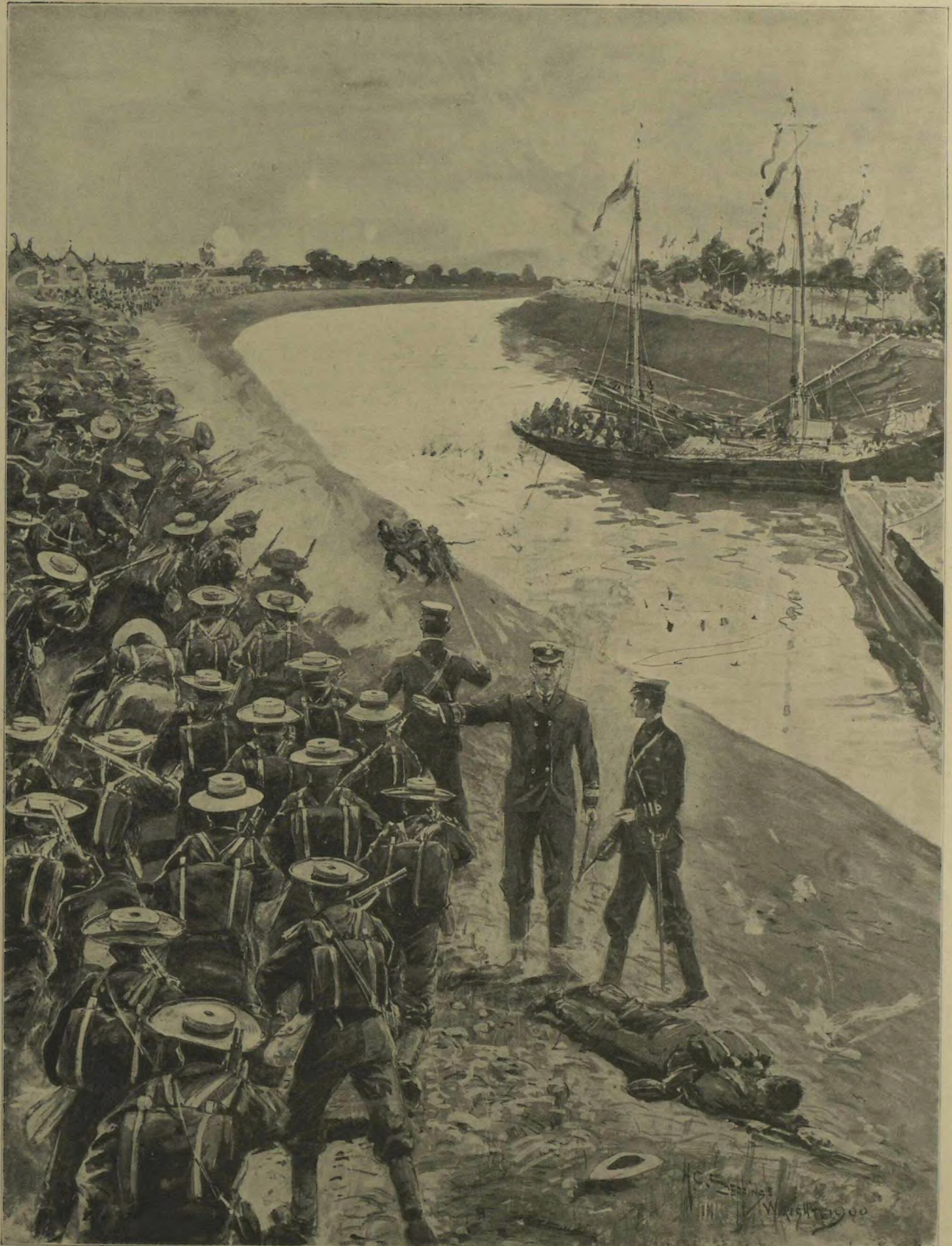
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1900.

WITH SUPPLEMENT SIXPENCE.



ADMIRAL SEYMOUR'S ADVANCE ON TIENTSIN: AN INCIDENT OF CHINESE TREACHERY.

FROM A SKETCH BY W. G. LITTLEJOHNS, H.M.S. "CENTURION."

As the column advanced the Admiral inquired of two Chinese the distance to Tientsin, whether he said he was going on a peaceful mission. The Chinese said all was well, and retired; but immediately the column and a junk bearing American wounded were fired into, killing seven British and wounding twenty. Two bluejackets of the "Centurion" jumped overboard and turned the junk back, so that it should not be separated from its three companions.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The cosmopolitan islander is charmed to find on the Ostend sands those touches of nature that make the whole world kin. Does he feel a little home-sick? Do yearnings for Margate set his pulses throbbing? Let him throw his arms round a donkey's neck, or hire the bathing-machine that has never changed its architecture since Noah used it as a model in his ship-building. It is a comfort to reflect that the donkey on the beach is more truly international than the army of occupation at Peking. I hear that some daring innovator proposes to set up a new kind of bathing-machine in front of the Palace Hotel. It is to be a luxurious retiring-room, fitted with all the appliances of ease that an indolent civilisation can devise. Are we to abandon the grand old cupboard on wheels, which has nursed the hardy youth of so many generations, for a carpeted Cupua fixed on piles? I recall the childish days when a wheezy old vehicle joggled and jolted a nervous urchin in the direction of a very low tide. It might have been a tumble, and the tide might have been the guillotine, such were the mystery and the dread that haunted a sensitive imagination. But this is how we have injured our childhood to the perils of the deep. Shall we abandon this invigorating discipline and coddle our children in elaborate dressing-rooms that give no glorious lurch when the bathing-man hooks his horse to the machine, and cries "Hold tight, there!"?

The donkey and the bathing-machine are not the only international objects on the Ostend beach. Flags of several peoples flutter everywhere. The children construct fortifications of sand on the most approved modern principles; but there is no conflict between the spade that has made the British bastion and the spade that has dug the Boer entrenchment. I met an English lady who had been buying toys for her children. Among her purchases were three money-boxes, embellished with portraits of Mr. Kruger and Mr. Steyn, and with battle-pictures illustrating the prowess of the two Republics. She recounted with glee how the shopman had professed to have no other trophies in stock. You may find the name of Wellington commemorated in Ostend. There is a restaurant called after the victor of Waterloo, and a hippodrome helps to keep his memory green; but he is an out-of-date hero for the toy-shops. I like the humour of making a little English boy keep his money in a box consecrated to Mr. Kruger. The happiest point of the jest is that everybody has taken it in excellent part. You may dig deep in the Ostend sands, but you will not dig up the hatchet of animosity that these children of varied tongues have tacitly agreed to bury.

There is a little gambling at Ostend in a sumptuous Casino, to which it is almost as difficult to obtain admittance as it is to join the Athenæum Club. It was not always so; but the directors of the Casino seem to have discovered that only people of irreproachable social standing can be trusted with the grave responsibility of staking their money on the red or black. This is perfectly just. If you cannot produce your baptismal certificate, and allow the directors time to ascertain your character from the rector of your parish, how can they be sure that it is your own money you want to stake? I am told that if you subscribe yourself as a doctor of divinity, you are expected to prove that your degree was not bought at Chicago. These precautions are all in the modern spirit that analyses motives to the ultimate particle, and I admire the Casino director for this recognition of the stream of tendency that makes for rectitude. But I wish they would not misquote Shakspeare. Scenes from the poet adorn some of the panels on the Casino walls, and when I look at Malvolio reading the letter, while Sir Toby Belch, in hiding, is longing for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye, I am pained to find this piece of humour assigned to "As You Like It." The gambling-tables are surrounded by such models of decorum as baptismal certificates can ensure. Everybody plays with counters; nothing so gross as coin is allowed to touch that virtuous green cloth. You may see blood-red gold and the sinister glitter of silver at Monte Carlo; but the delicacy of gambling at Ostend is that it has the domestic air of a parlour game.

I don't criticise that. You may have strong views about gambling, and yet you cannot but acknowledge the spirit that would elevate it to the plane of cribbage with one's grandmother. Some moralists, I know, will demand the rigour of the game, the gold on the table, the haggard faces, the cries of despair, the outbursts of unholy joy. These accessories are rarely to be found save in old-fashioned novels. The young man in Balzac's story who staked his last louis, and was on his way to suicide, when he chanced to look in at an old curiosity-shop, where he found the fatal talisman, the *peau de chagrin*, was a gambler of the old romantic school. I have never met his like; but I have a Scottish friend who, in calculating his expenses at Ostend, set aside twenty pounds for the Casino. He lost it; then won it back, with forty pounds beside, and calmly resolved to risk no more. What would Balzac have thought of him? Would Alfred de Musset have made him the hero of a "Nuit"? Gambling, in fine, has lost its romance, and is anxious to be mistaken for one of the proprieties.

The poetry of chance has quitted the green tables, and gone to sojourn with the maiden ladies who dabble in the riskiest insecurities of the Stock Exchange.

All this does not touch us so nearly as the confusion between "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night," which, I am sure, the Casino directors will hasten to clear up. I have a blunder of my own to repair with meekness and grace. The Mayor and Corporation of Bruges have addressed to the Editor of this Journal a courteous and dignified letter protesting against a statement in the "Note Book" that the Mayor had issued a proclamation to warn English people against visiting that ancient city, "on the ground that they would be exposed to danger from the hostile spirit shown by the inhabitants." "Such a document," says the letter before me, "if it ever existed, is a forgery. The inhabitants of Bruges would be within their rights in demanding reparation for the injury done them in turning away from our city numbers of English who are accustomed to visit it, and who always receive a cordial welcome." But the Mayor and Corporation are kind enough to believe that my error was made "in good faith," and therefore I hasten to assure them that I was misled by a traveller's tale. He is a most experienced traveller, too; but alas! the figments that pass for manners and customs now would put Herodotus himself to the blush.

I should be sorry to think that this fictitious proclamation has really had the effect the Mayor and Corporation ascribe to it. They assume that all the English who are accustomed to visit Bruges have been turned away by my unlucky credulity. This is not what I anticipated. The proclamation said that if the English persisted in visiting Bruges, the city would be disinfected after their departure, and I suggested that the Mayor was a sanitary reformer who had hit upon this plan of cleansing Bruges most frequently and effectually. For the success of such a scheme it follows that the English, instead of avoiding Bruges, should go there in greater numbers than ever. I recapitulate this to show the Mayor and Corporation that I cannot be justly suspected of bearing Bruges any ill-will, and that I interpreted this supposed proclamation in a sense highly creditable to the Mayor's personal enterprise. If, in spite of this excellent intent, I have actually been the unhappy cause of stirring up injurious prejudice against Bruges, I shall appeal to my compatriots to help me to make amends. A pilgrimage to Bruges seems to be a public duty for some of us. I passed through it in a train the other evening, quite unconscious then that I was the robber of its good name, and ought to be standing in the pillory in its main street. In olden times gentlemen who had aspersed some fair city would enter it in disguise, and post an apology on the cathedral door in the dead of the night. Shall I do this at Bruges? Or would the Mayor like the penance to be public? Of course, I shall not have the presumption to appear in his presence; but he will know me by my penitential garb—

How shall I my true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

This is the season when the cyclist makes his annual protest against the tyranny of the railway companies. Some weeks ago Mr. Ritchie, addressing a deputation of cyclists, declared that the Board of Trade would give the companies a reasonable time to make concessions, and, if that term of grace were neglected, would then proceed to strong measures. Mr. Ritchie even went so far as to hint that the companies had a great deal too much Parliamentary power, and that he was the man to grapple with it. I have a great respect for Mr. Ritchie, but I do not picture him in the character of Ajax defying the lightning. The cyclist who can get no redress when his bicycle is irretrievably damaged by the carelessness of a railway servant, and who still has to pay an exorbitant sum for its carriage, may not trust overmuch in Mr. Ritchie, but he has a touching faith in the efficacy of writing to the paper. In France, if I am not mistaken, the law has decided that a railway company is responsible for damage done to a bicycle on a railway journey. At any rate, the French company charges only a penny for carrying the bicycle any distance. The English company repudiates responsibility, and charges very often as much as a passenger fare.

I fear that Ajax will abase himself before the lightning, because this grievance of the cyclist raises the whole question of railway rates, and when you touch railway rates in England, you let loose all the furies. Moreover, there is a general conspiracy just now to show that the cyclist has no rights. He must not presume that, by ringing his bell, he can compel a pedestrian to move out of the way. By law the pedestrian is entitled to "keep in the middle of the road," and if he refuses to budge, the cyclist must dismount. There are only two classes now—the people who ride or drive, and the people who walk. Take a hansom in London, and count the foot-passengers who regard you as their natural enemy. I am always in dread of having to take to the hospital the mangled form of some citizen who has asserted democratic principles by suddenly pausing in front of an eighteenpenny fare.

CHINA AND SOUTH AFRICA.

In China the war has become for the most part a paper war, with missiles fired from capital to capital in Europe. Russia's diplomacy has been the subject of reference elsewhere. Meanwhile, not all the elements of "Boxer" disturbance have been stamped out. Rioters have made an attempt to sack the Tartar city of Canton; but there again, as often elsewhere, the want of organisation was not compensated for by mere strength—which is really weakness—of numbers; and a few trained troops were able to deal with the outbreak effectually and at once. In Peking itself a military promenade of all nations was a sufficiently impressive illustration of a truth that is to be stamped on a medal commemorating the siege of Peking: "Men, not walls, make a city." The handful of men who withstood for nearly sixty days a horde of besiegers must take that legend home to themselves in the first place. Additions to the story of their jeopardy and of their heroism continue to be made. It is found that, during the first three weeks of the bombardment, no fewer than 2800 shells fell on the roofs of the foreign settlement. Bucketfuls of bullets have been picked up in the grounds of the British Legation. Other figures are given accurately for the first time—figures which cannot be forgotten, though the Union Jack is now aloft in Peking, though foreigners have the delightful sensation of walking out without fear of being shot, and though missionaries are singing the Doxology in the streets. By these death statistics we know that fifty-four marines and sailors and eleven civilians were killed during the siege, and that over one hundred were wounded. Little incidents of the relief have a lighter side. When the troops reached the British Embassy they asked if they had come to a garden-party; for there was the indomitable Sir Claude MacDonald, clean-shaven, in spotless flannels; his wife and other ladies, in summer toilettes, at his side. All this time the Empress Dowager and Prince Tuan remain in North Shansi, and there is a report that Prince Ching has been appointed Regent, and desires to return to Peking, if assured by the Powers of his safety. Li-Hung-Chang, in Shanghai, has been expressing his hopes—one of which is that he may be accepted as the official negotiator between China and the Allies. The rumoured reappearance of three thousand "Boxers" in the Hunting Park, near Peking, brought the Allied forces into action again; but the dispersal of the real or supposed enemy hardly assumed the proportions of a fight. The remaining event to be noticed is the issue of a Note by Admiral Seymour repelling some aspersions cast in a foreign quarter on the conduct of his force during their first unsuccessful march on Peking.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The embers of the Boer War are giving little jets and sparks of fire here and there before the final burning-out to blackness. Ladybrand has been surrounded by a Boer commando supposed to be led by Commandant Haasbroek or Commandant Rouse. The place was pressed so closely that the British are said to have burned their stores lest they should fall into the enemy's hands. The British advance on Machadodorp was hotly contested; and though a good many papers and stores came into our charge with the Boer headquarters, President Kruger has made his way to the neighbourhood of Lydenburg. General Buller's advance, assisted by a flank movement made on the enemy by General French and General Pole-Carew, won him the compliments of Lord Roberts; and he was able to report from Helvetia, four miles north of Machadodorp, that with the ending of August no more Boers were visible thereabouts. A proper postscript to this good news was the announcement that 1800 British prisoners had been released at Nôotgedacht. The Earl of Leitrim and Viscount Ennismore are among the officers who have thus rejoined their countrymen; but other officers were taken on by the Boers to Barberton. The negotiations between Generals Paget and Grobler have resulted, if in nothing more, in the surrender of British prisoners. Colonel Plumer has been heard of again, this time leading a portion of General Baden-Powell's force to victory against a troublesome commando east of Pienars River. He returned with twenty-six prisoners and a thousand head of cattle. At Warm Baths he has had a similar success. Sir Redvers Buller, advancing to Lydenburg, encountered Botha, with three Long Toms and possibly two thousand adherents. The path was barred until reinforcements under General Ian Hamilton were sent along by Lord Roberts. Meanwhile, the Commander-in-Chief issued on Sept. 1 a proclamation annexing for a second time and for ever the Transvaal to the dominions of the Queen.

The general hope and wish that the war may speedily end in South Africa finds welcome expression in the talk of honours to be bestowed, here and there, upon returning braves. Portsmouth, in arranging to give Lord Roberts a sword of honour, and Bath, in preparing for him the freedom of the city, have taken time by the forelock. Another interesting question raised by the release of so many prisoners in South Africa has been settled. A regulation order has been issued for the payment of all soldiers during their term of captivity, unless a Court of Inquiry shall declare that their surrender to the enemy was unwarranted, or caused by any fault of their own.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A DEBT OF HONOUR," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Scribe of "the well-made play," and Dumas fils of the dramatic thesis were ever the gods of Mr. Sydney Grundy's idolatry, and in "A Debt of Honour," his latest contribution to the St. James's "theatre," the English playwright has contrived, as often before, a problem-drama, interesting, doubtless, as a serious study of modern sex-relations, but marred by all his customarily reckless abuse of coincidence, not to mention a reliance on pointless political satire and a lack of full-blooded characterisation. The story treats of a barrister who breaks off a ten-year-old connection with a devoted mistress to marry the high-principled heiress of a manufacturer and to attain a Parliamentary career. The author's melodramatics begin in the coincidence of both women being friends of an eccentric bachelor and meeting through his agency, continue with the almost simultaneous visits paid by the wife, her friend, and her husband to her rival's villa, and reach their climax in the deserted heroine's preposterous suicide. Unfortunately, the political atmosphere is rendered vague, and the sallies flung at the "Non-conformist conscience" and its unscrupulous cozners made inept by the playwright's ascribing to his Liberals an outrageously impossible programme. Hence an air of unreality about the supposed manufacturer and party leader that even Mr. W. H. Vernon's vigorous personality cannot dissipate, especially when the character is associated with that of an eminent Nonconformist divine, "a child in London," but an unctuous lover of its pleasures, which is a patent caricature. As for the old bachelor—an attenuated Cayley Drummie, whom Mr. Edmond strives hard to materialise—he is a puppet with a single catchword, his own "failure in life." And scarcely less of a lay figure is the frigid and ill-defined hero, whom not all Mr. Alexander's well-bed urbanity can differentiate from half-a-dozen other stage "men of forty." Meantime it is to the personal charm of Miss Julie Opp that the cold purity and fine chivalry of the wife—a wife who vindicates her husband publicly, but cannot, for a time, forgive him privately—owe any convincing appeal. Indeed, but one arresting figure remains in the memory—the "other woman," a delightfully coquettish, tender, and pathetic creation, especially as interpreted by the over-young Miss Fay Davis. If the rest had only reached the level of the second act, "A Debt of Honour" would be something more than a merely clever mechanical puzzle.

"SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY," AT THE HAYMARKET.

The original "Nell Gwyn" play, of the Prince of Wales's, of Mr. Anthony Hope's writing and Miss Marie Tempest's enacting, though poorly constructed, could, at all events, boast some faithful historical portraits—the true Nell of fact, abundance of wit, and a series of picturesque and even diverting episodes. The rival Haymarket version, concocted by Mr. Paul Kester and interpreted by Miss Julia Neilson, can show neither pungent epigram nor literary grace, neither regard for history nor idea of character. Its one and only merit is a good old-fashioned plot. In fact, all those dear familiars of a well-nigh forgotten convention—the persecuted lover, the hateful suitor (Rochester, if you please), the relentless foe and the good angel—once more reappear, adorned in the costumes of the second Charles's reign; and Judge Jeffreys proves the implacable villain, Nell Gwyn, the pantomime fairy. Poor Jeffreys might have been supposed to have enough to answer for in the crimes he committed in repressing the Monmouth Rebellion without being made the vulgar villain of melodrama; but no, the heroine is his ward; the hero is his enemy, whom he must pursue to exile and, if possible, to death, because of a family grudge. And Nell—why, as orange-girl, she must love the hero as her idolised defender and yet rescue his sweetheart from rascally beaux. As Court lady, she must incur the risk of a supposed intrigue and even lose the King's favour to procure the love-sick girl an interview with her banished lover. As a disguised judge dressed up in Jeffreys' robes, she must outwit her enemy and secure compromising papers that enable her not only to secure the pardon of the already condemned hero, but also to turn the tables on Jeffreys and Rochester, the Duchess of Portsmouth and Lady Castlemaine, alike. Acting is at a discount in such a reshaped dish as this, and if Mr. Fred Terry is excepted—a very admirable representative of the Merry Monarch, more melancholy than his wont—all opportunities fall to Miss Neilson.—F. G. B.

THE SALMON SEASON.

When we speak of the salmon season being now over, we are referring, of course, to the season for netting salmon. The anglers, happily (for the Fates have not been over-kind to them so far), have still a few weeks left in which to try their skill; or, at any rate, they have on certain rivers. By the decrees of those who legislated for the salmon fisheries of these islands many years ago, it still holds good that an untiring angler, given plenty of friends and a long purse, might contrive to fish for salmon in Scottish waters alone from the middle of January to the end of November, without any man asking him why. He would begin the year in the far north, somewhere near Halkirk, beloved of Dr. Clark, and, working south, would finish in good time for Christmas on the Tweed, not far from the constituency of Dr. Clark's friend, Mr. Thomas Shaw. Between now and the end of November, then, the fortunate angler has several weeks of what is likely to be the best of the fishing. But the net-season is over. True, there are variations from the nominal closing dates of Aug. 27 for Scotland and Sept. 1 for England; but the rivers still open are few, and for all practical purposes salmon-netting is over for the year. It has been anything but satisfactory. Its varying fortunes are not, like those of the angler, interesting in detail, so we will not follow them. Sufficient to say that the runs of fish have been poor, and that the results have been estimated at very considerably under the average returns of the past ten years.

In all this, needless to remark (although one can scarce believe it in view of the apathy with which it is regarded), the public is deeply concerned. For one thing, the salmon is not coming into the market. The fish caught on the

rods after a river is closed for the nets are caught for sport only, and may not be bought or sold. Only salmon legally taken are legally marketable; and as in many other countries the close season is as early as our own, the quantity of legally taken fish brought to the markets is very considerably reduced. This legislation has for its object the protection and preservation of the stock of fish in our rivers, and if the extension of time allowed the anglers seems to act contrary to this, it is only apparently so, and they, like all other men, are offenders against the law if they kill an unclean or unseasonable salmon. No doubt that somewhat begs the question, as a notorious prosecution by the Fishmongers' Company in the spring of this year made clear once more. By an unclean salmon the angler means a salmon that has spawned, and any other definition leaves the test of uncleanness somewhat arbitrary. Yet it would seem as if the Act suggests a wider meaning for the term, and on the assumption of a wider meaning, prosecutions appear to have been successfully conducted. What concerns the public so greatly, however, is the fact that upon the sound knowledge of the life-history of the salmon, about which we admittedly know little and apparently care less, depends the increase or the failure of one source of our national food-supply. It is impossible to view without misgiving this yearly decrease in the returns of the salmon season. It tells only too plainly a tale of a diminishing stock of fish. He is a bold man (but bold men are not un plentiful) who will say with confidence where lies the cause, and where the remedy, for this serious condition of the fisheries. A Royal Commission has been appointed this year to inquire into it, and Sir Edward Grey, we know, believes that the Board of Trade really means business. We shall see.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY,
OCTOBER 2, 3, 4, and 5, 1900.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS:
MESDAMES ALBANI, ESTHER PALISER, EVANGELINE FLORENCE,
MARIE BREMA, ADA CROSSLEY, and CLARA BUTT.
MESSEURS EDWARD LLOYD (his last Festival appearance), BEN DAVIES,
WILLIAM GREEN, ANDREW BLACK, DAVID BISPHAM, and
PLUNKET GREENE.

TUESDAY MORNING.—"ELIJAH."
TUESDAY EVENING.
SIR HUBERT PARRY'S "DE PROFUNDIS."
MOZART'S SYMPHONY IN C.—"JUPITER."
WAGNER'S "TANNHAUSER" OVERTURE, and MISCELLANEOUS.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.
MR. EDWARD ELGAR'S NEW WORK, "DREAM OF GERONTIUS."
(Composed expressly for this Festival.)
SCHUBERT'S UNFINISHED SYMPHONY.
SELECTIONS FROM HANDEL'S "ISRAEL IN EGYPT."

WEDNESDAY EVENING.
MR. S. COLERIDGE TAYLOR'S SONGS FROM LONGFELLOW'S
"SONG OF HAWAIIA."

THURSDAY MORNING.
BACH'S "ST. MATTHEW'S PASSION."
THURSDAY EVENING.
DYORAK'S "SPECTER'S BRIDE."
GLAZOUNOV'S SIXTH SYMPHONY, and MISCELLANEOUS.

FRIDAY MORNING.
BRAHMS "REQUIEM." BEETHOVEN'S SEVENTH SYMPHONY,
and MISCELLANEOUS.

FRIDAY EVENING.—"MESSIAH."
CONDUCTOR DR. HANS RICHTER.

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On FRIDAY, Sept. 14 (Cup Day), a SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN will leave LONDON (Liverpool Street) at 7.55 a.m., reaching Doncaster about 1.10 a.m., returning from St. James' Bridge at 5.55 and 5.35 p.m. same day.

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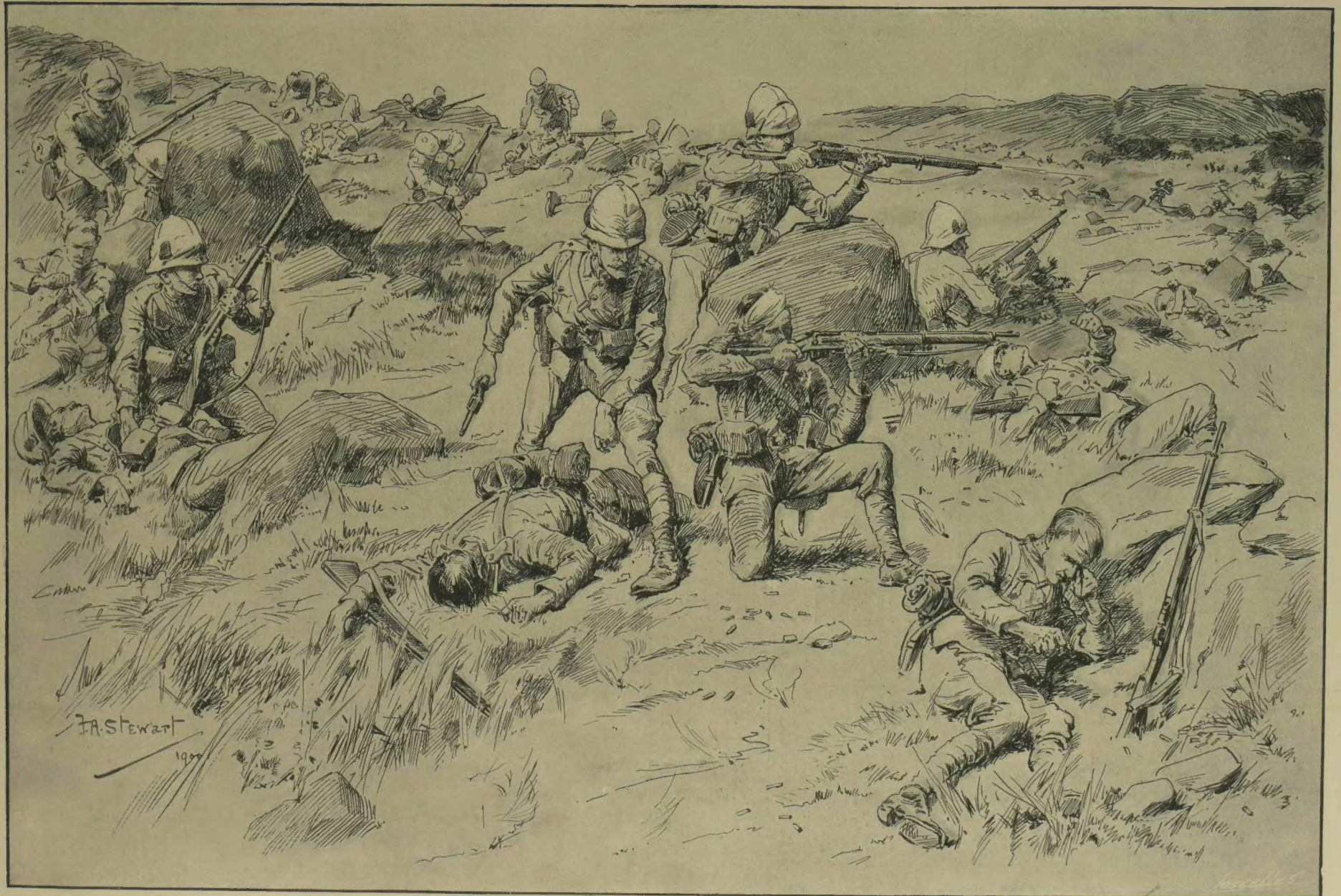
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T H E T R A N S V A A L W A R .



SIR REDVERS BULLER'S ADVANCE: INFANTRY CARRYING THE HILLY GROUND AT ROOIKOPJES ON AUG. 8.

Sketch (Facsimile) by our Special Artist, Mr. Frank Stewart.



WITH SIR REDVERS BULLER'S FORCE: A PATROL IN A TIGHT CORNER; AMMUNITION RUNNING SHORT.

Sketch (Facsimile) by our Special Artist, Mr. Frank Stewart.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE QUEEN'S JOURNEY.

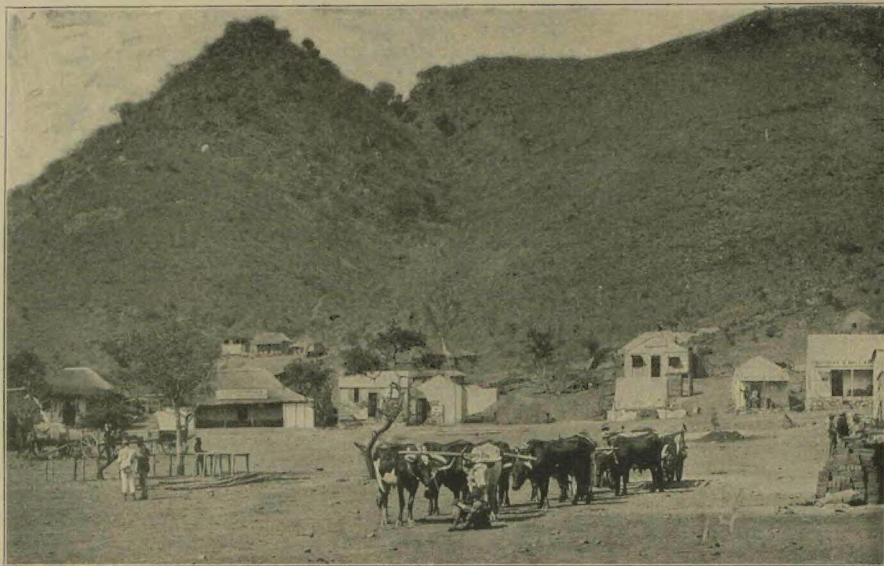
The Queen had delightful weather for her crossing of the Solent—the first stage of her journey North—on Friday evening last week. The band of the 4th Battalion Lincolnshire Regiment, under Lord William Cecil's command, played the National Anthem as the royal carriage left Osborne. One pause it made before Trinity Wharf was reached, and that was when, at East Cowes, Corporal Blythe, of the Royal Canadian Field Artillery, handed to her Majesty, on behalf of all inmates of the Convalescent Home, a nosegay of flowers arranged in the national colours. The Queen embarked on the *Alberta* in company with Princess Henry of Battenberg and her children. Sir Arthur Bigge, Captain Ponsonby, the Dowager Lady Churchill, and the Hon. Harriet Phipps were in attendance. The royal yacht reached Clarence Victualling Yard a few minutes before eight o'clock, when it was already too dark to see that the commissioned ships in the harbour were dressed rainbow fashion. Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour and Lieutenant-General Sir Baker Russell received her Majesty as she was wheeled on land, and entered the train, which reached Ballater at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT BRADFORD.

The British Association has its meeting-place this year in Bradford, a town that presents many points of interest to the man of science, whatever it may do to the man of art. Of fine public buildings, however, there is no lack in Bradford, with its Town Hall and its Parish Church; nor can anybody, however aesthetically minded, quarrel with a locality which offers to the excursionists of the Association Bolton Abbey, with its romantic woods; Kirkstall Abbey, Ripon and Fountains Abbey, and York and its Minster. Perhaps the Nidd Valley Waterworks, to which the Association is invited by the Corporation of Bradford, may offer material for controversy; but a party for Haworth, which is limited to one hundred persons, will easily be made up by admirers of the Brontës. Knaresborough Castle, too, has its literary attractions, for the name of Eugene Aram is on the lips of guides. The Dropping Well also invites the visitor; and so does Malham Tave. The local arrangements for the Bradford meeting have been excellently made; and Lord Ripon and Lord Masham, who are among the Association's Vice-Presidents, have the pleasure of welcoming members, the one to Fountains Abbey and the other to Swinton Park.

OUR SOUTH AFRICAN WAR PICTURES.

The Boer retreat along the Delagoa Railway gives a special interest to the Illustrations that follow this week the course of the war in the Transvaal. Kaap Bridge and Krokodil Poort afford two very characteristic glimpses of the line; but perhaps President Kruger, if he travels that way, may be too preoccupied to give an eye to the great natural



"Photographer," London.

A LAST RETREAT OF BOERDOM: THE MARKET SQUARE, BARBERTON.

beauties of the passage into Portuguese territory. The Falls of Nelspruit, one of his halting-places, are symbolically uninteresting in their constant whirl of water, their eddies, their vapours that rise like smoke and fade away like so many human ambitions. The British troops, when they have time to admire scenery, may well congratulate themselves on the fairness of the land that Lord Roberts has annexed. Nothing could be much finer in its way than Elands Spruit, less than two miles distant from Waterval-Onder, already in the possession of the British, both in fact and upon the map. General Louis Botha, who has so stubbornly resisted General Buller on the road to Lydenburg, forms the subject of a characteristic portrait. To Barberton, the market square of which is included among our pictures, whither it seemed that Kruger and Steyn would effect their last retreat, some British Yeomanry have been conveyed prisoners.

AN INCIDENT OF CHINESE TREACHERY.

Our Artist with Admiral Seymour's march on Tientsin depicts an episode which took place when the troops were on the banks of the river Pei-ho. The Admiral, unarmed, with a long bamboo walking-stick, paced onward, four blue-jackets constituting his bodyguard, and an interpreter attending his steps. Chinese heads were seen bobbing up and down behind a bank on the opposite side of the river. As it was only four o'clock in the morning, the British wondered what this might mean. Two Chinese soldiers approached the opposite river-side; from whom the Admiral—across thirty yards of water—inquired how far it was to Tientsin, whither, he said, they were going on a peaceful mission. The two Chinamen said all was well, and retired; whereupon a hot fire was opened on the British from behind the bank. The British took shelter and replied with effect. The junks coming down the river were fired upon, the junk most in advance bearing a number of American wounded and our own. Four were killed before two bluejackets of the *Centurion* bravely jumped overboard and turned the first junk back, so that it should not be cut off from its three companions. The British loss that day was seven killed and twenty wounded; but they had their

reward in the capture of the Hsiku Armoury, and of the three-pounder field gun which had been used against them. They in turn did execution with it on the flying Chinese soldiery. These events go back to June 22. Much has happened since then; but Admiral Seymour and his men are not very likely to lose the impression made on them by the treachery of the Chinese that morning. It may be hoped that an equally enduring lesson, of another kind, was taught to the Chinese themselves by what befell them in consequence at the hands of the British force.

THE TRIAL OF BRESCHI.

The trial of Bresci, not one month after the assassination of King Humbert, was carried out in Milan with great latitude of speech, yet without any breach of decorum. The prisoner made no scenes, and except for the dissenting exclamation of the Procureur-Général, when the assassination was called a "political crime," no display of emotion indicated that the trial was one outside the daily routine of the court. Bresci, dressed in black, but wearing a red scarf, replied—not defiantly, but directly—to the questions put to him. He did not boast, and he did not whine. He said he fired three shots at three paces; he had practised pistol-shooting for the purpose; he scored the bullet to make it more efficacious; and in his heart was the intention of avenging the poor people who, in Sicily, and during the bread riots in Milan, had been shot down in the streets. "But the King was not responsible for the decrees," urged the President. "He had signed them," was the prisoner's laconic reply. Nothing further could be learned from him beyond this—that no punishment the Court could inflict upon him would alter his conviction that he had taken just vengeance. It must rank as among the murdered King's titles to homage that his own murderer's counsel conjured with his name, asking the Court to give a verdict of "extenuating circumstances," as the one which the King himself in his pity, were he alive, would wish to see pronounced. The Court did no such thing, but its sentence of penal servitude for life has provoked much controversy as to its real import. According to one picture of the prisoner's lot, capital punishment would be a happy release; but careful inquirers have found no justification for statements about the prison-system of Italy by which death is said to be inflicted by slower methods than those of the scaffold.

OUT OF TOWN.

The exodus from London has had its divergent genesis this week in a desire for work and a desire for pleasure. The "Two Nations"—Lord Beaconsfield's phrase for the rich and the poor—have left London for their annual outing: the holiday-maker and the hopper. In his scene, "At a London Terminus," Mr. Hal Hurst has attempted a daily, rather than a sensational, rendering of a central railway-station. The honeymooners are not in special evidence, nor is the absconding bankrupt in the act of being tracked by detectives to his saloon-carriage. Sentiment itself is almost abolished by the bustle of a crowded platform; and the artist has accepted the situation, perhaps with regret, but certainly with a very literal fidelity. Poverty generally contrives to be more picturesque than riches; and the departing hop-picker, leaving London Bridge at midnight, had the witching hour as well in his favour. Rags are often dearer to the eye of a painter than the finest of fashionable clothes; and the rough bundle is better form—in the literal sense—than the smart portmanteau or the tin box. The fields of Kent offer to this usually untravelling portion of the population a place of labour but also of recreation. Change, rather than idleness, is the essence of holiday; and the camping-out life, after the cooped-up lodging at the East End, is about as complete an opposite as the actual world affords. It is said that Kent does not look with an entirely kind eye upon its visitors. There are always two sides to a picture; but the behaviour of the hoppers is reported by those most interested in them to be on the whole orderly and even admirable. Men, women, and children—all can engage in the hop-picking; so that whole families, as our illustration indicates, carrying all sorts of utensils with them, can go forth together to the field of joint toil and pleasure.



"Photographer," London.

THE LAST MAINSTAY OF A DYING CAUSE: GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA.

PERSONAL.

The late Roman Catholic Bishop of Portsmouth, Monsignor Vertue, had been an army chaplain, and it was his pride to consider himself, when he held the see of Portsmouth, a sort of unofficial Chaplain-General to his numerous co-religionists of the Royal Navy. His successor, Monsignor Cahill, has the same ambition. His work on shore is also widely extended, for his diocese covers several counties, and has a little cosmopolitan touch by its inclusion of the Channel Islands, with a large French or half-French population. The new Bishop was the Vicar-General of his predecessor, so that the dislocation that sometimes follows a change in dioceses will hardly be experienced in Portsmouth under the new episcopal rule.]



Photo, Hughes and Mullins.
THE RIGHT REV. JOHN BAPTIST CAHILL,
New Bishop of Portsmouth.

Birth-day congratulations are due to Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who on Tuesday reached the discreet age of seventy-one. Sir Wilfrid is quite a specimen septuagenarian; and that is exactly what a diet-reformer must wish himself to be. Of his threescore years and eleven, Sir Wilfrid has devoted many to the public service in and out of Parliament, and few men holding unpopular opinions have managed to make themselves personally so popular.

Captain Edgar Quartus Robertson, of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, was the fifth Borderers' officer to fall in the South African Campaign. Captain Robertson, who was Acting Adjutant at the Depot at Berwick, was an Australian by birth, and stepson of Mr. Corbett, Tiverton, Devonshire. He had ten years in the service, and had held his company for a few years. The deceased officer went out with the 1st Battalion of his regiment, but served in the mounted infantry under General Ian Hamilton. His friends were sure of one thing when he went out—that he would see more than one man's share of fighting in South Africa; and, as a matter of fact, he had gone through twenty-seven engagements before he fell.



Photo, Yeo, Plymouth.
CAPTAIN EDGAR Q. ROBERTSON,
Killed, Stephansdrif.

Riches have long been said to have wings. In a new sense the proverb may now be understood; for everywhere are birds becoming more and more a source of wealth. The sporting rental of Scotland, which had no existence at the beginning of the century, is now half a million a year. Domestic birds are becoming more and more appreciated as a source of profit even by amateurs; and only this week Lady Gatacre, in opening a poultry-school at Ipswich, remarked that, having some nice fowls, she desired to turn them into prize-winners.

Professor Henry Sidgwick has died at the age of sixty-two at Terling Place, Witham, the residence of his brother-in-law, Lord Rayleigh. His resignation of the Knightbridge Professorship of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge had already given some warning to his friends of the progress of his fatal disease; but it will take some time before the University accustoms itself to the loss of one of its most valued and long-familiar figures. Born at Skipton, Yorkshire, he was educated at Rugby and at Trinity College, Cambridge. His ten years' tenure of a Fellowship at the college began in 1859, in which year also he became Lecturer. In 1875 he accepted the post of Praelector of Moral and Political Philosophy, and his Knightbridge Professorship dated from 1883. The list of the Professor's best-known books begins with "The Ethics of Conformity and Subscription," a discussion to which Mr. John Morley and others have made memorable contributions. Among



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE PROFESSOR SIDGWICK.

Professor Sidgwick's other publications are "Principles of Political Economy," "Outlines of the History of Ethics for English Readers," and "Elements of Politics." In 1876 the Professor married Miss Eleanor Balfour, a sister of the First Lord of the Treasury, who has made her own mark as the Principal of Newnham. On another page will be found an account of Dr. Sidgwick's labours to promote the University Education of Women.

The proposal to put a modest Ruskin memorial in Westminster Abbey continues to be a subject of energetic correspondence. Lady Burne-Jones, writing as a friend of the Abbey's "incomparable walls" by "modern incongruities." That is a position not easily met by flattering probabilities of the exercise of taste on the part of, say, the President of the Royal Academy. The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's reposed a similar trust in Sir William Richmond. Mr. Severn, however, treating the discussion from Mr. Ruskin's rather than the fabric's point of view, offers one satisfying assurance. He says that Mr. Ruskin was actually sounded as to the proposal, should it ever be made, and that he opposed no objection to it. Another thing may be remembered—that Ruskin himself actually subscribed to the Abbey memorial to Sir Walter Scott.

So long as the military occupation of Peking continues, nobody need care very much where the diplomats have their temporary dwelling-place. Peking must be their permanent home when all this confusion is over; but if Russia decides that Tientsin must meanwhile supply M. de Giers with his quarters, no great harm need be done. The Emperor has left the capital, so that the persons accredited to him by the Powers may very well follow suit. Peking cannot be much endeared by recent events to the occupants of the Embassies; and Dr. Mumm von Schwarzenstein, the new German Minister, who is now in Shanghai, is probably well advised to show no hurry in his progress to Peking.

Miss Constance F. Gordon-Cumming, whose work for the blind in China has been carried on successfully for many years, has now received very bad news from Peking. She must begin at the beginning over again, for her school and its plant have been utterly destroyed by the "Boxers." Happily, Miss Gordon-Cumming's courage is equal to the task.

The recent development of experiments for the utilisation of the undulating current, and of the transmission of electricity over huge distances without loss of power, draws attention once again to Nicola Tesla, the Serbian electrician and inventor. Born at Smiljan, he graduated at Karlsstadt in 1873, and was destined for the Church by his father, a Greek priest. Magnetism and mechanics were, however, the subjects of his absorbing study; and at Gratz, Prague, and Budapest he continued the course of instruction which enabled him to take a post under Government in the Telegraph Engineering Department. In Paris in 1881 he undertook the management of an electric light company, and shortly afterwards proceeded to America, where he began his New World career in the establishment of Edison. Nicola Tesla has lectured in London as well as in Paris and New York, and these and all other cities have an intimate interest in the success of his latest schemes. The waterfalls of Tivoli already light the city of Rome, sixteen miles away; and Niagara supplies energy to the city of Buffalo, twenty-two miles away, besides working the tramways of Baltimore. If Nicola Tesla's calculations are correct, water-power, converted into electricity, can be transmitted without loss to the ends of the earth. The cost of insulation and distribution will still, he thinks, leave his motive-power, even at distances as great as that which divides Niagara from London, the cheapest in the world. In days of coal-famine this threatened attack upon the supremacy of steam-power is good for the householder to hear.



Photo, Barrand.
NICOLA TESLA.

Lady Hallé is to be lost to musical England; and a great loss it is. Fifty-one years ago she began her career among us. She was then Wilhelmine Neruda, and her age was nine. Her brother and sister were with her in that first concert at the old Princess's Theatre. Her after achievements as a violinist at the "Monday Pops," the Hallé and other concerts, are well known; and she will be followed by many regrets and admirations to her new home in

Berlin, where she intends to give private lessons rather than performances in public.

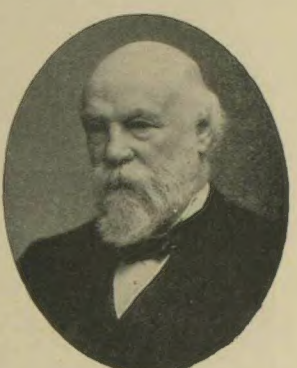
Sir William Turner, F.R.S., this year's President of the British Association, was born in Lancaster in 1832. He began his medical education at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and took his M.B. at London University. He was for nine years Demonstrator of Anatomy at the University of Edinburgh, and has been a writer of many treatises on Human and Comparative Anatomy. Other labours of his pen are shown in various Reports of H.M.S. *Challenger*, and in the "Journal of Anatomy and Physiology," under his editorship. Sir William became President of the General Medical Council two years ago; he is Honorary LL.D. of Glasgow and Montreal; Honorary D.C.L. of Oxford, Durham, and Toronto; and Honorary D.Sc. of Dublin and Cambridge. He served also as a member of the Medical Acts Commission of 1881. Thirty-seven years ago Sir William Turner married Agnes, eldest daughter of Abraham Logan, of Burnhouses, Berwickshire. At the last meeting of the British Association Sir William received the coveted recognition that is implied by his selection for the post of President at this year's gathering.

Cluny Macpherson, of Cluny Castle, Inverness-shire, and Chief of the Clan Chattan, died at Charlton Court, his place near Cheltenham, at the age of sixty-four. Colonel

Ewen Henry Davidson Macpherson was the second son of the late Mr. Ewan Macpherson, C.B., and brother of Colonel Duncan Macpherson, C.B., at whose death he succeeded to the family estates and chieftainship. Born in 1836, he joined the 93rd Highlanders when he was eighteen, and saw service in the Crimea and during the Indian Mutiny. He acted for a time as A.D.C. to the Governor of Bengal, and went on one of the Northern Frontier Expeditions. Later, though he did no more fighting, he was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders for five years, and from 1890 had command of the Highland Infantry Volunteer Brigade. He married Mary, daughter of the late Rev. Cyril Stacey, and never really recovered the shock of her death about four months ago.

Bristol is determined to make much of the Rev. W. Weekes, the Rector of Mafeking, whose father is a well-known Bristol man. On the invitations to the dinner of old Grammar School boys, which will be held next month, it is announced that the Mayor and Mr. Weekes will be present.

By the death of Sir Saul Samuel, Bart., an Australasian statesman of the old school is lost to the Empire. Born eighty years back, he began his political career nearly half a century ago as member of the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales. After long service in the Government as Colonial Treasurer and Postmaster-General, Sir Saul settled in London as Agent-General for New South Wales. That was in 1880, and he did not retire from the post until 1897. The following year brought him his Baronetcy, after he had been sixteen years a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George. Sir Saul was twice married, his first wife being Henrietta, daughter of Benjamin Goldsmid Levien, of Geelong, Victoria; and his second Sara, daughter of E. Isaac, J.P., of Auckland, New Zealand. He leaves, besides two daughters, three sons, of whom the eldest is now Sir Edward Levien Samuel, of Sydney. The new Baronet has a son, born in 1896.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
SIR W. TURNER,
President of the British Association.



Photo, Whynes, Inverness.
THE LATE CLUNY MACPHERSON.



Photo, Barrand.
THE LATE SIR SAUL SAMUEL.



FIRST CAMP OF THE 5TH (ROYAL IRISH) LANCERS AT LANDSPRUIT, TRANSVAAL.

FROM A SKETCH BY J. F. INGRAM, F.R.G.S.

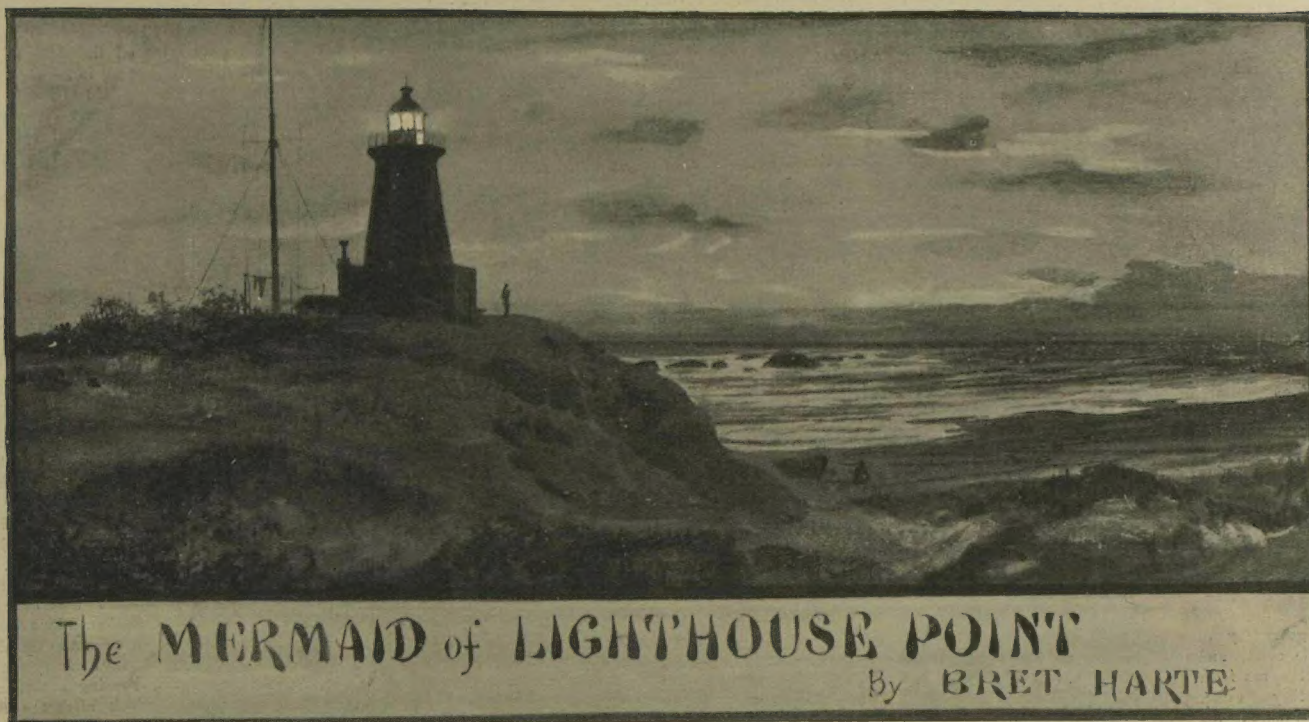
This distinguished regiment, after achieving a gallant record at the battle of Elanitslangte, and subsequently during the siege of Ladysmith, was detailed for duty on the Drakensberg Defence Force. For some time it held Van Reensens and other passes in the Berg. About July 26 it was detached from General Downing's command and sent forward to the Transvaal. The sketch represents the first encampment of the two advance squadrons at Landspruit.



Photo. G. Wright, Southsea.

BACK TO THE FRONT: WOUNDED MEN OF THE 2ND DUBLIN FUSILIERS WHO HAVE RETURNED TO DUTY.

These men were at the capture of Spion Kop and were afterwards invalided home. Some of them had no less than three bullets in their bodies, and many of them two. Yet no sooner had they recovered from their wounds than they volunteered to go back to the front, and, having been accepted, sailed last Friday in the ss. "Canada."



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

PART II.

THE difficulty of making Jim understand had hitherto prevented Pomfrey from entrusting him with the care of the lantern; but with the aid of the lexicon he had been able to make him comprehend its working, and under Pomfrey's personal guidance the Indian had once or twice lit the lamp and set its machinery in motion. It remained for him only to test Jim's unaided capacity, in case of his own absence or illness. It happened to be a warm beautiful sunset, when the afternoon fog had for once delayed its invasion of the shore-line, that he left the lighthouse to Jim's undivided care, and reclining on a sand-dune still warm from the sun, lazily watched the result of Jim's first essay. As the twilight deepened, and the first flash of the lantern strove with the dying glories of the sun, Pomfrey presently became aware that he was not the only watcher. A little grey figure creeping on all fours suddenly glided out of the shadow of another sand-dune and then halted, falling back on its knees, gazing fixedly at the growing light. It was the woman he had seen. She was not a dozen yards away, and in her eagerness and utter absorption in the light had evidently overlooked him. He could see her face distinctly, her lips parted half in wonder, half with the breathless absorption of a devotee. A faint sense of disappointment came over him. It was not *he* she was watching, but the light! As it swelled out over the darkening grey sand she turned as if to watch its effect around her, and caught sight of Pomfrey. With a little startled cry—the first she had uttered—she darted away. He did not follow. A moment before, when he first saw her, an Indian salutation which he had learned from Jim had risen to his lips, but in the odd feeling which her fascination for the light had caused him, he had not spoken. He watched her bent figure scuttling away like some frightened animal, with a critical consciousness that she was really scarce human, and went back to the lighthouse. He would not run after her again! Yet that evening he continued to think of her, and recalled her voice, which struck him now as having been at once melodious and childlike, and wished he had at least spoken and perhaps elicited a reply.

He did not, however, haunt the sweat-house near the river again. Yet he still continued his lessons with Jim, and in this way, perhaps, although quite unpremeditatedly, enlisted a humble ally. A week passed, in which he had not alluded to her, when one morning as he was returning from a row, Jim met him mysteriously on the beach.

"S'pose him come slow, slow," said Jim, gravely airing his newly acquired English; "make no noise—plenty catches Indian maiden." The last epithet was the polite lexicon equivalent of squaw.

Pomfrey, not entirely satisfied in his mind, nevertheless softly followed the noiselessly gliding Jim to the lighthouse. Here Jim cautiously opened the door, motioning Pomfrey to enter.

The base of the tower was composed of two living-rooms, a store-room, and oil-tank. As Pomfrey entered, Jim closed the door softly behind him. The abrupt transition from the glare of the sands and sun to the semi-darkness of the store-room at first prevented him from

seeing anything, but he was instantly distracted by a scurrying flutter and wild beating of the walls, as of a caged bird. In another moment he could make out the fair stranger, quivering with excitement, passionately dashing at the barred window, the walls, the locked door, and circling around the room in her desperate attempt to find an egress like a captured sea-gull. Amazed, mystified, indignant with Jim, himself, and even his unfortunate captive, Pomfrey called to her in Chinook to stop, and going to the door, flung it wide open. She darted by him, raising her soft blue eyes for an instant in a swift, sidelong glance of half appeal, half frightened admiration, and rushed out into the open. But here to his surprise she did not run away. On the contrary, she drew herself up with a dignity that seemed to increase her height, and walked majestically towards Jim, who at her unexpected exit had suddenly thrown himself upon the sand, in utterly abject terror and supplication. She approached him slowly, with one small hand uplifted in a menacing gesture. The man writhed and squirmed before her. Then she turned, caught sight of Pomfrey standing in the doorway, and walked quietly away. Amazed, yet gratified with this new assertion of herself, Pomfrey respectfully but, alas! incautiously called after her. In an instant, at the sound of his voice, she dropped again into her slouching Indian trot and glided away over the sand-hills.

Pomfrey did not add any reproach of his own to the discomfiture of his Indian retainer. Neither did he attempt to inquire the secret of this savage girl's power over him. It was evident he had spoken truly when he told his master that she was of a superior caste. Pomfrey recalled her erect and indignant figure standing over the prostrate Jim, and was again perplexed and disappointed at her sudden lapse into the timid savage at the sound of his voice. Would not this well-meant but miserable trick of Jim's have the effect of increasing her unreasoning animal-like distrust of him? A few days later brought an unexpected answer to his question.

It was the hottest hour of the day. He had been fishing off the reef of rocks where he had first seen her, and had taken in his line and was leisurely pulling for the lighthouse. Suddenly a little musical cry not unlike a bird's struck his ear. He lay on his oars and listened. It was repeated; but this time it was unmistakably recognisable as the voice of the Indian girl, although he had heard it but once. He turned eagerly to the rock, but it was empty; he pulled around it, but saw nothing. He looked towards the shore, and swung his boat in that direction, when again the cry was repeated with the faintest quaver of a laugh, apparently on the level of the sea before him. For the first time he looked down, and there, on the crest of a wave not a dozen yards ahead, danced the yellow hair and laughing eyes of the girl. The frightened gravity of her look was gone, lost in the flash of her white teeth and quivering dimples as her dripping face rose above the sea. When their eyes met she dived again, but quickly reappeared on the other bow, swimming with lazy, easy strokes, her smiling head thrown back over her white shoulder, as if luring him to a race. If her smile was a

revelation to him, still more so was this first touch of feminine coquetry in her attitude. He pulled eagerly towards her; with a few long overhand strokes she kept her distance, or, if he approached too near, she dived like a loon, coming up astern of him with the same childlike mocking cry. In vain he pursued her, calling her to stop in her own tongue, and laughingly protested; she easily avoided his boat at every turn. Suddenly, when they were nearly abreast of the river estuary, she rose in the water and, waving her little hands with a gesture of farewell, turned, and curving her back like a dolphin, leaped into the surging swell of the estuary bar and was lost in its foam. It would have been madness for him to have attempted to follow in his boat, and he saw that she knew it. He waited until her yellow crest appeared in the smoother water of the river, and then rowed back. In his excitement and preoccupation he had quite forgotten his long exposure to the sun during his active exercise, and that he was poorly equipped for the cold sea-fog which the heat had brought in earlier, and which now was quietly obliterating sea and shore. This made his progress slower and more difficult, and by the time he had reached the lighthouse he was chilled to the bone.

The next morning he woke with a dull headache and great weariness, and it was with considerable difficulty that he could attend to his duties. At nightfall, feeling worse, he determined to transfer the care of the light to Jim, but was amazed to find that he had disappeared, and what was more ominous, a bottle of spirits which Pomfrey had taken from his locker the night before had disappeared too. Like all Indians, Jim's rudimentary knowledge of civilisation included "fire-water"; he evidently had been tempted, had fallen, and was too ashamed or too drunk to face his master. Pomfrey, however, managed to get the light in order and working, and then, he scarcely knew how, betook himself to bed in a state of high fever. He turned from side to side racked by pain, with burning lips and pulsing temples. Strange fancies beset him; he had noticed when he lit his light that a strange sail was looming off the estuary—a place where no sail had ever been seen or should be—and was relieved that the lighting of the tower might show the reckless or ignorant mariner his real bearings for the "Gate." At times he had heard voices above the familiar song of the surf, and tried to rise from his bed but could not. Sometimes these voices were strange, outlandish, dissonant, in his own language, yet only partly intelligible; but through them always rang a single voice, musical, familiar, yet of a tongue not his own—hers! And then, out of his delirium—for such it proved afterwards to be—came a strange vision. He thought that he had just lit the light when from some strange and unaccountable reason it suddenly became dim and defied all his efforts to revive it. To add to his discomfiture, he could see quite plainly through the lantern a strange-looking vessel standing in from the sea. She was so clearly out of her course for the Gate that he knew she had not seen the light, and his limbs trembled with shame and terror as he tried in vain to rekindle the dying light. Yet to his surprise the strange ship kept steadily on, passing the dangerous reef of rocks, until she was actually in the waters of the bay.

But stranger than all, swimming beneath her bows, was the golden head and laughing face of the Indian girl—even as he had seen it the day before. A strange revulsion of feeling overtook him. Believing that she was luring the ship to its destruction, he ran out on the beach and strove to hail the vessel and warn it of its impending doom. But he could not speak—no sound came from his lips. And now his attention was absorbed by the ship itself. High bowed and pooped, and curved like the crescent moon, it was the strangest craft that he had ever seen. Even as he gazed it glided on nearer and nearer, and at last beached itself noiselessly on the sands before his own feet. A score of figures as bizarre and outlandish as the ship itself now thronged its high fore-castle—really a castle in shape and warlike purpose—and leaped from its ports. The common seamen were nearly naked to the waist; the officers looked more like soldiers than sailors. What struck him more strangely was that they were one and all seemingly unconscious of the existence of the light-house, sauntering up and down, carelessly, as if on some uninhabited strand, and even talking—so far as he could understand their old bookish dialect—as if in some hitherto undiscovered land. Their ignorance of the geography of the whole coast, and even of the sea from which they came, actually aroused his critical indignation; their coarse and stupid allusions to the fair Indian swimmer as the “mermaid” that they had seen upon their bow made him more furious still. Yet he was helpless to express his contemptuous anger, or even make them conscious of his presence. Then an interval of incoherency and utter blankness followed. When he again took up the thread of his fancy the ship seemed to be lying on her beam ends on the sand; the strange arrangement of her upper-deck and top hamper, more like a dwelling than any ship he had ever seen, was fully exposed to view, while the seamen seemed to be at work with the rudest contrivances, caulking and scraping her barnacled sides. He saw that phantom crew, when not working, at wassail and festivity; heard the shouts of drunken roysterers; saw the placing of a guard around some of the most uncontrollable, and later detected the stealthy escape of half-a-dozen sailors inland, amidst the fruitless volley fired upon them from obsolete blunderbusses. Then his strange vision transported him inland, where he saw these seamen following some Indian women. Suddenly one of them turned and ran frenziedly towards him as if seeking succour, closely pursued by one of the sailors. Pomfrey strove to reach her, struggled violently with the fearful apathy that seemed to hold his limbs, and then, as she uttered at last a little musical cry, burst his bonds and—awoke!

As consciousness slowly struggled back to him, he could see the bare wooden-like walls of his sleeping-room, the locker, the one window bright with sunlight, the open door of the tank-room, and the little staircase to the tower. There was a strange smoky and herb-like smell in the room. He made an effort to rise, but as he did so a

small sunburnt hand was laid gently yet restrainingly upon his shoulder, and he heard the same musical cry as before, but this time modulated to a girlish laugh. He raised his head faintly. Half squatting, half kneeling by his bed, was the yellow-haired stranger.

With the recollection of his vision still perplexing him, he said in a weak voice, “Who are you?”

Her blue eyes met his own with quick intelligence and no trace of her former timidity. A soft caressing light had taken its place. Pointing with her finger to her breast in a childlike gesture, she said, “Me—Olooya.”

“Olooya!” He remembered suddenly that Jim had always used that word in speaking of her, but until then

wall beside him. It had *run down*, although he had wound it the last thing before going to bed. He had evidently been lying there helpless beyond the twenty-four hours!

He groaned and turned to rise, but she gently forced him down again, and gave him some herbal infusion, in which he recognised the taste of the Yerba Buena vine which grew by the river. Then she made him comprehend in her own tongue that Jim had been decoyed while drunk aboard a certain schooner lying off the shore at a spot where she had seen some men digging in the sands. She had not gone there, for she was afraid of the bad men, and a slight return of her former terror came into her changeable eyes. She knew how to light the witch-light; she reminded him she had been in the tower before.

“You have saved my light, and perhaps my life,” he said weakly, taking her hand.

Possibly she did not understand him, for her only answer was a vague smile. But the next moment she started up, listening intently, and then with a frightened cry drew away her hand and suddenly dashed out of the building. In the midst of his amazement the door was darkened by a figure—a stranger dressed like an ordinary miner. Pausing a moment to look after the flying Olooya, the man turned and glanced around the room, and then with a coarse familiar smile approached Pomfrey.

“Hope I ain’t disturbin’ ye, but I allowed I’d just be neighbourly an’ drop in—seein’ as this is Gov’nment property, and me and my pardners as American citizens and taxpayers helps to support it. We’re coastin’ from Trinidad down here and prospectin’ along the beach for gold in the sand. Ye seem to hev a mighty soft berth of it here—nothin’ to do—and lots o’ purty half-breeds hangin’ round!”

The man’s effrontery was too much for Pomfrey’s self-control, weakened by illness. “It is Government property,” he answered hotly, “and you have no more right to intrude upon it than you have to decoy away my servant, a Government employee, during my illness, and jeopardise that property.”

The unsuspectedness of this attack, and the sudden revelation of the fact of Pomfrey’s illness in his flushed

face and hollow voice, apparently frightened and confused the stranger. He stammered a surly excuse, backed out of the doorway, and disappeared. An hour later Jim appeared, crestfallen, remorseful, and extravagantly penitent. Pomfrey was too weak for reproaches or inquiry, and he was thinking only of Olooya.

She did not return. His recovery in that keen air, aided, as he sometimes thought, by the herbs she had given him, was almost as rapid as his illness. The miners did not again intrude upon the lighthouse nor trouble his seclusion. When he was able to sun himself on the sands he could see them in the distance at work on the beach. He reflected that she would not come back while they were there, and was reconciled. But one morning Jim appeared, awkward and embarrassed, leading another Indian, whom he introduced as Olooya’s brother. Pomfrey’s suspicions



She approached him slowly, with one small hand uplifted in a menacing gesture.

he had always thought it was some Indian term for her distinct class.

“Olooya,” he repeated. Then, with difficulty attempting to use her own tongue, he asked, “When did you come here?”

“Last night,” she answered, in the same tongue. “There was no witch-fire there,” she continued, pointing to the tower; “when it came not, Olooya came! Olooya found white chief sick and alone. White chief could not get up! Olooya lit witch-fire for him.”

“You?” he repeated in astonishment. “I lit it myself.”

She looked at him pityingly, as if still recognising his delirium, and shook her head. “White chief was sick—how can know? Olooya make witch-fire.”

He cast a hurried glance at his watch hanging on the

were aroused. Except that the stranger had something of the girl's superiority of manner, there was no likeness whatever to his fair-haired acquaintance. But a fury of indignation was added to his suspicions when he learned the amazing purport of their visit. It was nothing less than an offer from the alleged brother to sell his sister to Pomfrey for forty dollars and a jug of whisky! Unfortunately, Pomfrey's temper once more got the better of his judgment. With a scathing exposition of the laws under which the Indian and white man equally lived, and the legal punishment of kidnapping, he swept what he believed was the impostor from his presence. He was scarcely alone again before he remembered that his imprudence might affect the girl's future access to him, but it was too late now.

Still he clung to the belief that he should see her when the prospectors had departed, and he hailed with delight the breaking up of the camp near the "sweat-house," and the disappearance of the schooner. It seemed that their gold-seeking was unsuccessful; but Pomfrey was struck, on visiting the locality, to find that in their excavations in the sand at the estuary, they had uncovered the decaying timbers of a ship's small boat of some ancient and obsolete construction. This made him think of his strange dream, with a vague sense of warning which he could not shake off, and on his return to the lighthouse he took from his shelves a copy of the old voyages to see how far his fancy had been affected by his reading. In the account of Drake's visit to the East he found a footnote which he had overlooked before, and which ran as follows: "The Admiral seems to have lost several of his crew by desertion, who were supposed to have perished miserably by starvation in the inhospitable interior or by the hands of savages. But later voyagers have suggested that the deserters married Indian wives, and there is a legend that a hundred years later a singular race of half-breeds, bearing unmistakable Anglo-Saxon characteristics, was found in that locality." Pomfrey fell into a reverie of strange hypotheses and fancies. He resolved that when he again saw Olooya he would question her: her terror of these men might be simply racial or some hereditary transmission.

But his intention was never fulfilled. For when days and weeks had elapsed, and he had vainly haunted the river estuary and the rocky reef before the lighthouse without a sign of her, he overcame his pride sufficiently to question Jim. The man looked at him with dull astonishment.

"Olooya gone," he said.

"Gone!—where?"

The Indian made a gesture to seaward which seemed to encompass the whole Pacific.

"How? With whom?" repeated his angry yet half-frightened master.

"With white man in ship. You say you no want Olooya—forty dollars too much. White man give fifty dollars—takee Olooya all same."

THE END.

BIRD SUPERSTITIONS.

Our feathered friends—and enemies—have ever been intimately associated with legend and superstition, omen and proverb, and although they are generally voted as being only of interest as items of lore in these so-called educated and enlightened days, still there is no gainsaying the fact that in more out-of-the-way corners of rural England these superstitions are still greatly believed in, and quoted with an air of veracity which is very amusing to dwellers in town. Thus, according to a Scandinavian tradition, the swallow hovered over the cross of Our Lord at the Crucifixion, crying, "Soala,

little-known proverbs regarding it are "Through looking backward the swan dies sweetly," and "The swan's a proud bird, yet he keeps his head bent." Of the lore connected with swans, in Scotland it is said that when the white swan visits the Orkneys a continuous and severe winter may be expected; while in Hampshire it is said that "swans are hatched in thunderstorms." This bird is also said to build its nest high before floods, but low when there will not be any unusual rains, and it is a well-known and absolute fact that they have a distinct prescience for floods.

Crows are, perhaps, the birds around which the greatest amount of superstition lingers, while a large number

of the proverbs relating to these birds, and which are absolutely contradictory, arise from the fact that crows, rooks, and corbies have been somewhat indiscriminately mixed up. Crows are in some places known as "the Devil's own," while their crow has been ascribed as the cry of Cain. Thus, among other weather-signs, if crows go to the water, but it with their wings, throw it over themselves, and scream, it predicts a storm; while if the crow calls twice quickly, and then a third time, it also denotes bad weather; and the same may be said of the raven and jackdaw. A moral warning is contained in the sentence, "Gin ye had a bonn amo' the crows ye wadna hae been shot." Other proverbs relating to crows are "Every crow thinks his ain brood whitest," and "They're a bonny pair, as the crow said of his feet," which is merely ridiculing the bird. To dream of crows dying and croaking is by some nations country-folk looked on as a very bad omen. To come to the birds which are frequently confounded with them, we have "Corbies do not rob thieves," which means that thieves do not rob thieves. Again, we are told that when rooks seem to drop in their flight, as if pierced by a shot, it is said to foreshadow rain, and the tumbling of these birds in places where they generally congregate, also predicts stormy wet weather.



He could see quite plainly through the lantern a strange-looking vessel standing in from the sea.

soala!" which means "Console, console!" hence the name "swallow," the bird of consolation. Legendary lore also tells us that the crossbill flew around and above the dying Saviour, before which act of reverence its beak was as straight as that of other birds; while, as everyone knows, the robin gained its red breast from being sprinkled by the blood of Christ; and the Lancashire folk will tell you that, if possible, it always sings from crossed branches.

The swallow has ever had a favoured position in the affections of the people, as among the ancient Romans the bird was held as being sacred to the household gods, and at the present day in Scotland one hears the expression, "Faithful as a swallow," while sailors consider it unlucky to kill a swallow, and to dream of these harbingers of the summer is considered a lucky omen.

To come to the swan, emblem of royalty, that bird, with the angels, is believed to have the ear of God, and two

Scotland the low flight of rooks indicates rain. If rooks feed busily and hurry over the ground in one direction and in a compact body, a storm will soon follow; and when they sit in rows on walls and palings, wind may be looked for. When going home to roost, if they fly high the next day will be fair, and if they fly low, stormy—a belief which is also pretty general in England. If, when flying high, they dart down and wheel about in circles, windy weather will follow. In autumn and winter, if, after feeding in the morning, they return to the rookery and hang about it, rain may be expected. A couplet runs—

When rooks fly sporting high in air,

It shows that windy storms are near.

And if rooks stay at home or return in the middle of the day it will rain, while if they go far afield, it will be fine. And again, if rooks feed in the streets of a village, it shows that a storm is near.

W. NORMAN BROWN.

THE TRIAL OF KING HUMBERT'S MURDERER.



THE SCENE IN COURT AT MILAN: BRESCI CONVERSING WITH HIS ADVOCATE, SIGNOR MERLINO.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. D'ARATO.

The man in the foreground is Signor Martelli. The President and the Public Prosecutor appear beneath the bust of Victor Emmanuel II. Opposite are the jury.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES OF THE BOER RETREAT ALONG THE DELAGOA BAY RAILWAY.

Photographs by Mr. F. Outridge.



KAAP BRIDGE, WITH TEMPORARY BRIDGE TO THE LEFT.

The railway cost £24,000 per mile.



KROKODIL POORT, WHICH THE LINE SKIRTS UNTIL IT ENTERS PORTUGUESE TERRITORY.

The river runs below to the left.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES OF THE BOER RETREAT ALONG THE DELAGOA BAY RAILWAY.

Photographs by Mr. F. Outridge.



FALLS AT NELSPRUIT (N.C.) MR. K. J. G. S. HALLING-PLACES.



CITADEL AT KLOKODIL POORT



ELANDS SPRUIT, ONE AND A HALF MILES FROM WATERVAL-ONDER, NOW IN BRITISH HANDS.

THE CHINESE CRISIS: SCENES AT TAKU AND TIENTSIN.

From a naval officer who took part in the capture of the Taku Forts we have received a series of photographs taken in the famous stronghold since the entry of the Allies. The garrison of occupation consists of seventy-five British officers

Armstrong 6-in. quick-firer. The fort was armed with about forty smaller pieces, and is surrounded by a moat 12 ft. deep. In the central square are the men's quarters. Our view is taken looking towards the south-east angle, at

which a 12-centimetre gun is mounted. Further illustrations of the Taku armaments include a view of the entrance to the river with the south battery. Commanding the river is a 61-pounder rifled muzzle-loading gun, which is one of six mounted on this part of the works. Particular interest attaches to the gate, over which a marine sentry is posted, from the fact that at that point the Allies effected their entrance. Remarkable fortune attended the north-east 12-centimetre gun, which was hit five times during the bombardment, and yet remains in perfect working order. Around the weapon were found twenty-eight dead Chinese, who had been serving it. Less fortunate

cause for his presence in Peking, the Peking of a Forbidden Palace from which its possessors have fled. The Allies are no longer absolutely allied; and the divergence of view betrayed by Russia may be



TAKU: EVENING PARADE OF THE GARRISON.

The Allied force of occupation consists of seventy-five British and thirteen Italians.

and men and thirteen Italians. We catch a glimpse of the little force at evening parade, and another moment of human interest is afforded by the picture of Chinese prisoners and wounded. Curiously enough, though hundreds of Chinese uniforms were found in the fort, not one of these prisoners is in military garb. The North Fort, which was the second of the Taku system to fall into the hands of the Allies, is connected with the North-West Fort by a military causeway. When the latter fort was captured by the Allies its guns were turned on the North Fort, and helped in its reduction. It did not, however, yield without a struggle, and in replying killed a Japanese sailor who was hoisting the Japanese colours upon the North-West Fort. Close to the flagstaff, on which the Japanese flag is flying, may be seen the biggest gun of the stronghold, an

was the 12-centimetre gun mounted at the south-west corner of the North-West Fort. Though it shows only one shot-mark upon its shield, the weapon was disabled early in the action by the breaking up of its concrete foundation. With these pictures we give one illustrating an incident of the first futile attempt to reach Peking. On the morning of June 26 Admiral Seymour, finding the way impassable to his small force, returned to Tientsin with his column. He had lost forty killed and 210 wounded. The latter, by the devotion of the ambulance staff, were brought back to Tientsin. All this fighting has to be kept in mind, where events move so quickly. Tientsin has been a name much mentioned during the last few days; for thither has the Russian Minister, M. de Giers, been ordered by a ukase from St. Petersburg. His Government sees no further



TAKU: CHINESE PRISONERS AND WOUNDED.

The Chinaman on the extreme right was secretary to the governor of the fort.

briefly expressed by their favouring a "clean slate" policy. They do not think they have anything to wipe out. They went to China, they say, to help the Government to suppress the rebellion and to re-establish order. This being done, their occupation is gone. Germany has other dreams—that of seeing the flags of the Allies wave over Peking until reparation has been made for the outrages on the Embassies, the murder of missionaries; in short, all the items of an Anti-Foreign Crusade that must be made impossible for the future. With these intentions, England is in general agreement; but the new battles between European Embassies in Peking and Tientsin will be bloodless ones, and may easily have as happy an ending as that which came unexpectedly in the case of the troubles that have gone before.



THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO RELIEVE THE PEKING LEGATIONS: ARRIVAL OF SEYMOUR'S WOUNDED AT TIENTSIN.

The Captured Taku Forts.

Photographs by Lieutenant Jelliffe, H.M.S. "Hartford."



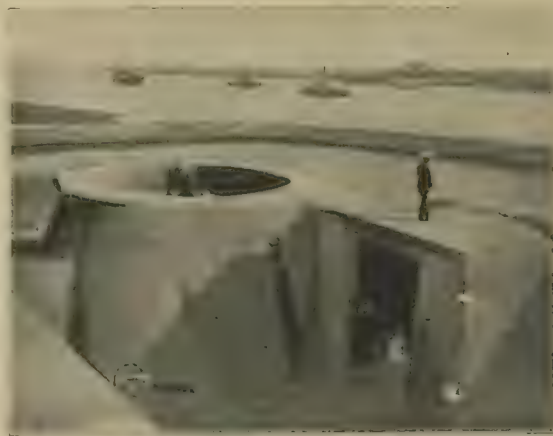
THE NORTH TAKU FORT, TAKU FORT, CHINA.

View from the water, showing the fort and the surrounding landscape.



CENTRAL SQUARE AND MEN'S QUARTERS.

The gun beside the flagstaff is a 12-centimetre weapon.



SOUTH BATTERY, WITH ONE OF THE 12-CENTIMETRE GUNS.



DISABLED 12-CENTIMETRE GUN, SHOWING SHOT-MARK ON SHIELD.



THE NORTH-EAST 12-CENTIMETRE GUN, HIT FIVE TIMES, BUT STILL IN PERFECT ORDER.



THE QUEEN'S JOURNEY NORTH: THE CROSSING FROM COWES.

Lighted by the moon, attended by the Port Admiral's yacht and the "Elfin," the "Albion" steamed into Portsmouth Harbour. Only the flags showed the few spectators that the Queen was aboard.



THE DAY AFTER THE CAPTURE OF TIENSIN: THE 12th RUSSIAN INFANTRY ON SENTRY DUTY IN THEIR LINES.

From a Sketch by Mr. Lionel Burg.



RUSSIAN COSSACK ARTILLERY IN ACTION NEAR TIENTSIN.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

As I Lay It Down, by Ouida. (London: Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.)
Tramping with Tramps, by Thomas Williams. (London: Sampson Low, 8s. 6d.)
Sailing Alone Around the World, by Captain Joshua Slocum. (London: Sampson Low, 8s. 6d.)
Tramping with Tramps: Stories and Sketches of Vagabond Life, by Joseph Fisher Unwin. (London: Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.)
Gift from the Grave, by Edith Wharton. (London: John Murray, 2s. 6d.)

Ouida has a great many opinions, and she does not spare any of them. Sometimes they are right, and sometimes wrong, but always emphatic. She is at her best in writing of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, whom she perversely brackets with Mr. Meredith; and of Mr. Auberon Herbert, whose verses are pleasant enough to make acquaintance with at secondhand and in a London room, though, according to the essayist, they should be read "beside some nameless streamlet." And then the volume that holds them should be placed "on a shelf between the hymns of George Herbert and those earliest love-songs which were signed Owen Meredith." That is the measure of Ouida's congruity throughout. In such essays as "The Decadence of the Latin Races," whose beauty is vanishing from Ouida's eyes, and as "The Quality of Mercy," which she strangely thinks was finer in the good old days than it now is, she has a number of compassionate thoughts to crowd upon her paper. Somehow she manages to be upon the right side; and so far has our thanks. Unfortunately her method of advocacy is such as to alienate the sympathy of her readers. Inveighing against steam-traffic, for instance, she talks of the funicular railways vulgarising the Alps, and of mountains like the Conis and St. Gothard as being "disembowelled" by the tunnels. Exaggerations of this sort destroy a case that is sufficiently strong when set forth discreetly. Ouida is, in truth, a little difficult to reconcile with Ouida. She records a rather vague meeting with Mr. Chamberlain "one evening after a dinner at a well-known house in Belgrave Square." His physiognomy "has no distinction," "is the physiognomy of a tradesman"; "the eternal eye-glass serves to hide such expression as his features might have"; but at any rate he is well dressed—"too well, an ex-Viceroy murmured to me that evening"—though presumably Mr. Chamberlain then wore the usual and uniform dress of diners. But this ex-Viceroy, who might be Lord Londonderry, Lord Ripon, Lord Dufferin, Lord Crewe, or one of half-a-dozen others, will perhaps hardly relish the anecdote. He will turn, perhaps, with puzzled comfort to another page, in which Ouida denounces the seller of private letters. The climax of her indignation is reached by the exclamation: "If a conversation be considered confidential, how much more should a correspondence be so!" The conversation, for instance, of an ex-Viceroy? Then again, Ouida, who is nothing if not denunciatory, attacks authors who "have presumed to change the ending of their romances"—their own! No, not their own, says Ouida. "Your work, once given to the public, is no more your own than your daughter is when you have married her." The rule would seem to apply with much more force to the alteration of other people's writing; yet we find Ouida misquoting one of the most familiar lines of Shakespeare. "The winds of March take the world with beauty," she says, and she says it in inverted commas. The essay on "Unwritten Literary Laws" might well have included a prohibition, not only of misquotation, but also of the mere use of foreign languages by persons illiterate in them. Then Ouida herself might have been careful not to pepper accents on the first "e" of *retroscé* and the first "e" of *Revue*. In her essay on d'Annunzio she spells his "Vergini delle Rocche" *Virgine* throughout. *Mérimée's* name she robs of its first accent, and Boccaccio's of its fourth "c"; and George Sand becomes, of course, Georges Sand, as under all spluttering pens. These things, taken almost at random, are important only because they are symbolic. The same headlongness, the same superficiality, which her diction shows, is the quality also of her thinking through all her monotonous pages of damnable dullness. Where are the lions of reviewers who, a decade or two ago, would have roared such a book out of existence at its first appearance? Even the inanity of most modern criticism should here find a full meal.

In a modest volume of fewer than two hundred pages Mr. Williams has written the *Life of Sir James Douglass*, who for thirty years was engineer-in-chief to the Trinity House. It is a story of hard, dangerous, and determined work, not at all without parallel in the annals of our country, but on that account none the less worthy of being told; and Mr. Williams tells it interestingly and with tact. The crown of Sir James Douglass's work was the Eddystone Lighthouse, which he built to take the place of Smeaton's, when the rock on which it stood was undermined by the sea. The first lighthouse on the Eddystone Rocks was designed by Henry Winstanley (of "Winstanley's Waterworks" described in the *Tattler*), who perished with it when it was swept away, four years after it was finished, by the great storm of Nov. 26, 1703. Next came that of

John Rudyerd, a silk-mercier in Ludgate Hill, which was burned in 1755, and was succeeded by Smeaton's great work, which stood for 123 years. It is one of the merits of Mr. Williams's little book that it gives the reader an intelligent and not too technical account of this and the other works to which Sir James Douglass devoted his life.

Very racy reading, with a welcome touch of the salt sea breeze, is to be found in Captain Joshua Slocum's record of his lonely voyage around the world aboard his nine-tonner the *Spray*. On April 24, 1895, he set sail from Boston, Mass., where he again cast anchor on June 27, 1898, having accomplished the circuit of the



SIR ALFRED MILNER VISITING THE "SPRAY" AT CAPE TOWN.

Reproduced from "Sailing Alone Around the World," by permission of Messrs. Sampson Low, Murston and Co.

globe. Among the gallant Captain's most interesting experiences was his visit to Valparaíso, where Mr. Lloyd Osborne invited him to write his letters at Stevenson's table. This honour the modest mariner deemed too great for him. "Tusitala" would have held it otherwise. We give an illustration of Sir Alfred Milner's visit to Captain Slocum at Cape Town. The High Commissioner is he of the tall hat.

The words that Mohammed applied to his Koran may be used appropriately in connection with Mr. Flynt's interesting work; it is "a perspicuous book." The author has been along the highways and byways of the vast realm known to its frequenters as "Hoboland," and he has so much to tell that at times he is forced to rely upon inference and suggestion for the conveyance of the

America is the paradise of the tramp. In some States the prison authorities supply inmates with daily papers and tobacco; in the Eastern States are towns where a beggar expects to earn two dollars a day and his food. In the West, Milwaukee is singled out for special praise by reason of the indiscriminate generosity of its inhabitants. The facts that tramps are often rough and dirty men, that they carry knives, and are known to use them, do not seem to affect their welcome in some parts of America, and we are told that in New Orleans professional beggars frequently live at hotels where the charges are a dollar a day. Tramps in America hail from all countries; Ireland and Italy are, perhaps, responsible for the largest contingents, while,

curiously enough, the author has met no Jews in the great army of idle loafers—a notable fact that moves him to a cheap sneer. Mr. Flynt has tramped in Germany, where the vagrants have to carry about with them the heavy burden of their official title, *chaussee grabenarbeiter*; he has lived with the Russian *gorious*, "victims of sorrow," but idlers and vagabonds to the marrow of their bones. He has tramped in England and brought away notions, rather erroneous, concerning the social aspect of Whitechapel, which he seems to regard as a typical London slum. For years tramps have placed themselves upon the free list of American railway companies, and Mr. Flynt has much to say of their methods of using various trains. He has apparently left no aspect of the civilised world's tramp problem unstudied, and his book repays close perusal. It is well written, and sundry passages cry aloud for quotation, only to be told that, while their merits are unquestionable, the reviewer's space is limited.

Readers with a taste for psychological romance will probably remember with pleasure the volume of sensitively written stories by Mrs. Wharton, entitled "The Greater Inclination," and will welcome another work from her hand. Although bearing the somewhat fearsome name of "A Gift from the Grave," this new book is neither sepulchral nor sensational. The responsibility of rechristening the story at the last moment was forced upon its publisher, Mr. Murray, no less than three successive titles previously given proving to have been forestalled; and it may be that he is right in not being too sanguine as to the author's approval. It is nowadays an outworn theory that the love of a noble-minded woman may metamorphose a man into a higher order of being, and in the case of Mrs. Wharton's commonplace and unappreciative young hero, the passion showered upon him by a woman of genius not only fails to elevate, but cannot save him from the vulgar crime of publishing after her death love-letters of the most sacred intimacy. That he is enabled by the proceeds of the sale to marry another woman, hitherto hopelessly unattainable through his persistent poverty, is scarcely an extenuation, though the appeal to the reader's sympathy is skilful. "There are times" (it is urged) "when the constancy of the woman one cannot marry is almost as trying as that of the woman one does not want to." The *motif* of the story is a subtle exposition of the salutary agency of shame in developing a shallow nature into a character worthy both of the dead woman and of the great-hearted wife he has won. The wife's portrait, though only vaguely realised at the outset, is full of potential beauty. At the first signs of her husband's regeneration, she throws off what he had conceived her stony indifference to his guilt, and, like another Galatea, begins to know the realities of life and love. Thus tenderness and whatever expiation is possible bring this well-wrought little tragedy to a happy close, and if sometimes the analytical method becomes too microscopic and protracted, the material is fresh and the treatment fresher; while Mrs. Wharton's optimistic belief in the perfectibility of man is consoling to a world of "miserable sinners."

Mrs. Wharton is, in nearly every line, a disciple of Mr. Henry James—a statement of derivation which must, in the usual course of things, be followed by her assurance that she has not read a line of him. Let us say, then, that she is of his school, whether pupil or not. Indeed, he himself would wish to stand, we suspect, as colleague rather than as master. Higher praise for the one author and the other we can hardly give. If Mrs. Wharton has any weak moments, they are not when she is writing her dialogues. There she is mistress; and in her style throughout she is brilliant in a sense of the word that implies deep lucidity as well as a shining surface. The last scene of all is very fine; and the husband's abuse of his wife at the outset is the only passage in the book that leaves the reader unconvinced.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

Druggins, George C. Williamson. (Bell, 5s.)
The Autobiography of a Quack, S. Weir Mitchell. (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.)
Famous British Regiments, Major Arthur Griffiths. (Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d.)
Winifred, S. Baring-Gould. Methuen, 6s.
The Royal Navy. A History, Vol. V. William Laird Clowes. (Sampson Low, 25s.)
Gentlemen o' Players, F. S. Ashley-Cooper. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)
The Pelican Chorus, Edward Lear. (Frederick Warne, 3s. 6d.)

"THE MODE OF TRAVEL THAT ATTRACTS BOYS."

Reproduced from "Tramping with Tramps," by permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.



less palatable truths. Mr. Flynt has studied criminals, their environment, their mental, physical, and moral development; he knows by practical experience how and why prison life is a failure; he has much to say of more than common interest of the tramp-children, whose presence in "Hoboland" is one of the saddest features of that dismal country, and of children of gentle birth, whose inborn "wander-lust" is stimulated by the "hoboes," who wish to make servants or even criminals of them. While the author devotes small attention to statistics, the few figures he offers are startling. For example, Germany has about one hundred thousand roving beggars—men, women, and children—who have no connection with the "Egyptians," as gypsies are inaccurately termed.



THE HOLIDAY SEASON: AT A LONDON TERMINUS.

Drawn by Hal Howard.



THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT BRADFORD: PLACES OF INTEREST IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD TO WHICH EXCURSIONS WILL BE MADE.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Novelists have shown us before now a great banker or a great financier, conscious of impending ruin, giving a magnificent fête in order to throw dust into the eyes of his dupes, and to tempt them, if possible, to further ventures, and thus staying off, if not entirely averting, the cataclysm. Those who profess to know France best aver that the Exhibition of 1900 was conceived in a similar spirit by the Republicans, and that it has failed in its object. I feel perfectly certain that the first of these assertions is altogether wrong. When the present World's Fair was projected, there was no doubt much in France which could not have exactly stood the test of examination from the high-minded and loftily aiming philanthropist and statesman; but the rotten bade fair to last a long while "if carefully handled," to borrow Carlyle's simile. The traffic in decorations, known by now under the name of the "Cuffard Scandal," was found to affect a very few prominent personages, among whom, however, was Daniel Wilson, the son-in-law of President Grévy. There was not the smallest particle of proof against the President of the Republic himself beyond the fact of his not having kept a strict watch upon the doings of his son-in-law, who involved him in his *exclusion*, which compelled him, Grévy, to retire from his post as Chief Magistrate.

Concurrently with this, and prolonged beyond it, there was the Boulangist agitation. The whole of the movement when reduced to its simplest equation showed the presence within the existing régime of a large mass of malcontents desirous of contracting a hybrid alliance, with a showy soldier at its head, in order to overthrow that régime. It did not prove that the régime at that time was more rotten than the Directory, but it proved that a Napoleon Bonaparte is not improvised at the bidding of this or that party, but acts upon his own initiative. It also showed that in the whole of that fair land of France there was not one soldier who towered head and shoulders above his fellow-soldiers, and that a military dictatorship was henceforth among the improbabilities, if not among the impossibilities.

The Exhibition of 1889 was an unmitigated success; and it may be said that the Third Republic, which, in spite of its reputed age, was in reality little more than a decade old—that is, reckoning from the accession of Grévy—was at its apogee. Up to that accession the régime was neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red-herring. MacMahon was too honest openly to further either the interests of the Comte de Chambord, the Comte de Paris, or the Prince Imperial; but though a Legitimist by conviction, he would have willingly retired even in favour of one of the two latter-named pretenders.

Then came the terrible Panama Scandal, literally bespattering the whole of France's Legislature. It is but fair to state that the Exhibition of 1900 had been practically decided upon before the revelations in connection with the widespread system of fraud and blackmail had assumed the gigantic proportions they did assume. It was thought that the acme of wholesale corruption had been reached, and that nothing, absolutely nothing, could ever happen which would surpass it. Nevertheless, the clergy, the *ancien noblesse*, the army, stood literally clear from the horrid moral and material quagmire. The Dreyfus affair drew them into one more unspeakably loathsome than the other. The affair was scotched—for according to the knowing ones, it is not killed—before the World's Fair opened, and it was confidently expected that civilisation at large would promptly forget the defective moral drainage of France and of Paris while it was so magnificently boarded over, and the boards were cleverly hidden beneath figurative flowers of rhetoric about universal peace and the fraternity of peoples—not to mention the carpets and the junketings and the side shows, and the truly gorgeous display of art treasures and so forth.

Above all was it expected to make the first days of September—that is, the thirtieth anniversary of the nominal establishment of the Third Republic, serve as a startling contrast to the miseries of three decades ago—miseries and horrors which the Republicans are never weary of attributing to the Second Empire. If, however, the true history of the Franco-German War were written, as it will be one day, it would be found that the results of that war—if, perhaps, not its origin—were due to Republican intrigues, which undermined all Napoleon the Third's attempts at military reform, the intrigues bellowing and shouting their hardest about Cesarism and suppression of public opinion by means of an exaggeratedly superfluous standing army.

The first days of September have come and gone. Germany has elected to forego its celebrations—with which decision we have no further business. Paris has tried to get up monster banquets for the provincial mayors, to be followed by festivities tending to convince people that the Exhibition is only the outward symbol of that prosperity the Republicans have built up in spite of the heavy burdens bequeathed to them by the régime of the Third Napoleon, whose name has scarcely been mentioned of late. I was the first to hail the Exhibition as a possible means of making France admired from without and at peace from within. To put it mildly, my predictions have woefully failed. The reader must take my word for it. One strong arm would overthrow the Republic to-day, for it is in a worse state than was the Empire in July 1870. The closing of the Exhibition in November will be followed by confusion the particulars of which it is impossible to foretell, but that confusion is as certain as the night that follows the longest day, or to put the matter more pertinently, as the cloud-swept day that follows the longest night. Meanwhile, there is a revival of Angliphobia in its most virulent form, in connection with the execution of Lieutenant Hans Cordua. MM. Millevoe and de Cassagnac print things which with any other nation but ours would accelerate that confusion from without.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, W. C. BROSSMAN (Napa, U.S.A.).—Both problems are very good, and we intend to make use of them.

C. B. WETHERILL (Portland, Maine, U.S.A.).—Anyone bringing an introduction from Eugene B. Cook is sure of attention in this column.

H. GRAY (Windsor).—Your problem shall appear shortly. The original diagram got mislaid.

TANAKOR GASTON (Chand, India).—Yes, but it is usual to acknowledge the source whence they are taken.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2927 received from Fred Long (Santiago, Chile); of No. 2928 from F. R. Day (Silverton, New South Wales); of No. 2935 from W. C. Brossman (Napa, California); Walter St. C. Lord (Santa Barbara, California); and Trimlok Ganesh (Jhansi, India); of No. 2937 from F. H. Reznar and George Dwyer Farmer, M.D. (Amesbury, Ontario); of No. 2938 from C. H. Shaw Stewart (Birmingham); Edward J. Sharpe, J. Muxworthy (Hook, T. Colledge Halliburton (Edinburgh); and Emile Frau (Lyon); of No. 2939 from Edward J. Sharpe, J. Bailey, Newark; Clement C. Danby, Emile Frau (Lyon); Blair H. Cochran (Hunting), T. Colledge Halliburton, O. Pearce (Wotton-under-Edge), C. H. Shaw Stewart, J. Muxworthy, J. D. Tucker (Hilkey), F. J. Gandy (Norwood), and Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2939 received from Howard, W. H. Sile (Moseley), S. Ward (Fulham), Blair H. Cochran, C. M. O. (Buxton), Digby (Cotes-Presley (Lancashire), Nigel, F. B. (Worthing), Martin F. C. H. Shaw Stewart, F. R. Pickering, C. M. A. B. Edward J. Sharpe, Albert Wolf (Putney), Alpha, Julia Sport (Exeter), G. Stillingstedt Johnson (Columbus), Henry A. Donovan (Lisbon), H. M. V. Chancellier (Chingford), M. A. Lyle (Folkestone), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), T. Roberts, F. J. Gandy (Norwood), Reginald Gordon (Kensington), Emile Frau, T. Colledge Halliburton, W. P. K. (Clifton), C. E. Perugini, F. Dalby, Edith Corser (Hole to), J. D. Tucker (Hilkey), W. P. Richmond, P. S. Humphreys, W. H. Rohn (Worthing), E. Fear Hill (Trowbridge), Miss Margaret Bradley (Blackdown), J. Hall, F. W. Moore (Brighton), W. A. D. Barnard (Uppingham), D. H. R. (Ohan), W. H. D. Henvey, R. Winters (Canterbury), Sorrento, W. A. Lillio (Edinburgh), F. Harpur (London), H. Le Jeune, Clement C. Danby, Shudforth, and Rev. A. Mays (Bedford).

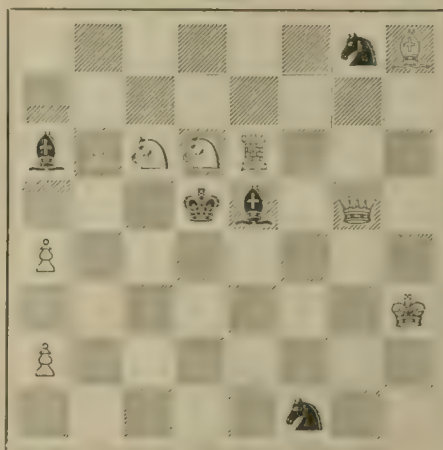
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2939.—By W. FINLAYSON.

WHITE
1. B to K 5th
2. Kt to B 3rd
3. Q takes.

Any move

PROBLEM No. 2942.—By HERBERT A. SALWAY.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN MUNCH.

Game played in the Tournament between Messrs. H. WOLFF and H. N. PILSBURY.
(Ray Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. B takes Kt	R takes B
2. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	17. R to B 3rd	P to K 3rd
3. B to K 5th	Kt to B 3rd	18. K R to K sq	Q to B 2nd
4. Castles	Kt takes P	19. Q to K 2nd	
5. P to Q 4th	Kt to Q 3rd		
6. P takes K P			
7. P to R 4th	Kt takes B		
8. P to K 6th	P to Q 3rd		
9. P takes Kt	P takes P		
10. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to K 2nd		
11. Kt to K 5th	B takes Kt		
12. Q to R 5th	B takes Kt		
13. B to K 4th	Q to Q 2nd		
14. R to R 3rd			
15. Kt to K 4th	Kt to K 5th		

White resigns.

Game played in the Tournament between Messrs. JANOWSKI and MARCZY.

(Queen's Gambit Declined).

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	15. P to B 5th	B to B 4th
2. P to B 4th	P to K 4th	16. K to K 2nd	Kt takes R (ch)
3. P takes K P	P to Q 5th	17. Q to K 2nd	Kt takes K (ch)
4. P to K 4th	Q to K 3rd	18. Q takes Kt	P to K 5th
5. B to B 4th		19. Q to K 3rd	P to R 4th
6. B to K 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	20. K to R 3rd	P to B 4th
7. P to K 3rd	P to K 4th	21. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to Q 4th (ch)
8. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	22. K to R 4th	R to K 3rd
9. Kt to Q 2nd	B to K 2nd	23. Kt to Q 5th	K to B 3rd
10. P to B 4th	B to K 2nd	24. P to B 4th	R to K 2nd
11. B to K 3rd	B to K 2nd	25. R to K 5th	R to K 2nd
12. Q to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	26. Q to R 5th	B takes Kt
13. P to K 2nd	Kt to K 3rd	27. Q to R 5th	B takes Kt
14. Q to K 2nd	Kt to K 3rd	28. K to Q 2nd	B takes Kt (ch)
15. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	29. Kt takes R P	B takes Kt
16. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	30. P takes R	R to B 7th (ch)
17. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	31. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
18. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	32. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
19. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	33. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
20. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	34. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
21. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	35. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
22. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	36. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
23. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	37. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
24. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	38. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
25. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	39. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
26. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	40. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
27. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	41. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
28. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	42. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
29. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	43. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
30. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	44. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
31. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	45. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
32. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	46. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
33. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	47. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
34. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	48. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
35. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	49. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
36. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	50. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
37. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	51. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
38. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	52. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
39. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	53. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
40. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	54. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
41. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	55. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
42. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	56. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
43. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	57. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
44. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	58. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
45. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	59. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
46. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	60. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
47. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	61. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
48. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	62. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
49. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	63. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
50. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	64. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
51. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	65. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
52. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	66. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
53. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	67. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
54. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	68. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
55. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	69. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
56. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	70. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
57. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	71. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
58. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	72. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
59. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	73. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
60. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	74. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
61. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	75. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
62. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	76. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
63. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	77. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
64. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	78. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
65. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	79. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
66. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	80. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
67. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	81. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
68. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	82. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
69. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	83. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
70. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	84. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
71. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	85. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
72. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	86. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
73. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	87. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
74. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	88. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
75. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	89. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
76. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	90. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
77. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	91. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
78. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	92. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
79. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	93. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
80. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	94. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
81. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	95. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
82. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	96. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
83. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	97. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
84. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	98. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
85. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	99. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
86. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	100. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
87. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	101. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
88. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	102. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
89. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	103. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
90. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	104. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
91. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	105. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
92. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	106. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
93. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	107. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
94. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	108. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
95. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	109. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
96. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	110. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
97. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	111. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
98. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	112. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
99. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	113. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
100. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	114. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
101. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	115. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
102. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	116. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
103. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	117. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
104. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	118. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
105. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	119. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
106. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	120. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
107. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	121. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
108. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	122. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
109. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	123. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
110. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	124. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
111. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	125. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
112. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	126. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
113. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	127. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
114. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	128. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
115. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	129. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
116. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	130. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
117. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	131. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
118. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	132. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
119. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	133. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
120. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	134. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
121. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	135. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
122. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	136. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
123. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	137. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
124. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	138. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
125. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	139. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
126. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	140. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
127. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	141. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
128. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	142. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
129. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	143. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
130. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	144. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
131. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	145. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
132. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	146. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
133. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	147. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
134. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	148. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
135. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	149. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
136. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	150. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
137. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	151. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
138. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	152. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
139. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	153. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
140. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	154. P takes Q P	R to R 4th
141. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	155.	



HOP-PICKERS LEAVING LONDON BRIDGE AT MIDNIGHT, SEPTEMBER 1.

LADIES' PAGE.

Dr. Henry Sidgwick, of Cambridge, who has died at the age of sixty-two, did perhaps more than any other single individual to promote and place on a permanent footing the University Education of Women. I should perhaps qualify the statement by saying, more than any other man; for the foundation of this, as of most other changes for the benefit of women, was laid by women themselves. Girton College preceded Newnham, and though Professor Sidgwick himself and other leading University men gave help to Girton's establishment, it was really founded by two women—Madame Bodicheon and Miss Emily Davies, who obtained the aid of many others, amongst whom the late Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley stood pre-eminent. Newnham College, however, is really Dr. Sidgwick's creation. The leading point of difference between the original Girton and the original Newnham foundations for women's education at Cambridge was that the promoters of the former insisted on the women students taking the identical course of study, in order to pass precisely the same examinations, as those taken by men; while Newnham originated in Professor Sidgwick's desire to establish a house of residence for women coming from a distance to attend lectures in connection with a special examination for women that the University had decided to establish. The founders of Girton were strongly opposed to a special examination for women; holding that, however severe the test, and however brilliantly the students might pass it, the public would never believe a special woman's course and certificate to be on an equality with the degrees taken by men. Professor Sidgwick and those who thought with him did not contest the value from this point of view of women meeting the same test as men, and therefore necessarily taking up an identical range of studies; but they maintained that there were great advantages in a special, distinct course for women. The carrying of the idea of Newnham into effect was undoubtedly the work of the generous benefactor of women who has just passed away; for it was he who personally undertook the initial financial responsibility as well as the organising; he engaged and furnished the first house of residence from which the splendid and well-equipped buildings of Newnham have as surely grown as the oak grows from the little sapling; and he persuaded Miss Clough to become its first Principal. This he did over and above his constant advocacy of and labour in making arrangements for both the teaching and examination of the women students, and in addition to placing his own services as a lecturer at the disposal of both the women's colleges.

Mrs. Henry Sidgwick is a sister of Mr. Arthur Balfour. She has all along been no less interested in the promotion of the education of women at Cambridge than has her husband. They were not, indeed, married at the time of Professor Sidgwick's foundation of Newnham, but Miss Balfour was on the Committee as one of the earliest supporters of the movement; and when, a short time after their marriage, there was a certain difficulty in finding a Vice-Principal for Newnham, she and her husband made the great sacrifice of leaving their own home and living for some time in three rooms at Newnham in order that she might fill the office. Their further services and gifts to the College would make a long list. Finally, after Miss Clough's death, Mrs. Sidgwick was prevailed on to take the responsible post of Principal, which she still holds. She has just received the honour of being appointed a member of the Senate of London University, and also one of the three women to sit upon the "Consultative Committee" of eighteen under the Duke of Devonshire's recent Education Act. It is a sign of the times that three out of eighteen seats should have been allotted to representatives of the sex which will supply more than half the teachers and half, at least, of the pupils affected.

I have received a number of letters about my recent observations on the necessity for a national organisation for training girls of the poorer class for domestic work. Of the letters received, several simply call attention to one or another small refuge or home for orphan or destitute girls at which the elder children receive some training as servants in the last few years of their stay. Of course, there are several of such homes—in fact, there are a hundred or more. One of the most important is the Princess Mary Village Home for training young servants. The little girls brought up in workhouses are all so trained, too. But, all told, these homes do not touch the fringe of the matter, nor are they at all what I suggest. They are all homes into which are received at an early age girls who are friendless, neglected by or left destitute

of natural relations. In these homes the children are removed from their relatives, and the entire responsibility for them is undertaken by charity; and they are sent out to service whether they like or not. This is not the vast general organisation that I would suggest. To begin with, the amount required for the complete upbringing and training of each of the girls must always be so considerable to make the numbers aided too few to produce any impression on the labour market. Notwithstanding the difficulty of getting trained servants, domestic work is by far the most popular and accessible of all female employments. I doubt if many of us have the least idea off-hand how many women earn their bread by domestic labour, exclusive of the wives and daughters who really do the whole housework of so many homes, though the Census impudently describes them as "unoccupied." Well, the last Census gave the number of female domestic servants as one million and nearly four hundred thousand! This is exclusive of the occasional servant known as a charwoman, of whom there were over one hundred and four thousand, also exclusive of hotel female servants, who numbered over forty-four thousand, and of cooks in confectioners' and the like, who were nearly ten thousand. To sum up, then, there are several thousands more than a million and a half women earning wages by domestic labour! Judge, then, how little assistance is given in the training of this vast army by

prepayment of a small fee by the parents, to be returned when the pupil entered for the apprenticeship, it would minimise the risk of failure." It is by the aid of such practical and thoughtful suggestions that a scheme may be ultimately worked out. But I do not think the time spent in training need be so long, and I think the advance of an outfit most important. The pressure on mistresses of an inadequate supply of even partially skilled domestic labour must lead to a combination of some sort at length. Or perhaps some generous person may be moved to do for this branch of women's industry what so many wealthy persons from time to time have done for means of intellectual training—lay down a large sum to start the undertaking.

It may make the matter plainer if I mention how I was first led to think on the matter. My view is that there are a great number of little girls, good children of hard-working parents, though of a poorer and lower class than used to supply our households with workers before so many other sorts of work were open, who would be only too glad to go to service, but who are absolutely barred from it by lack of the preliminary training and outfit. One cold winter's day I happened to be in my kitchen when a wretched child of about thirteen came to the door trying to sell baskets that her mother made. I had her in to eat some hot soup by the fire, and as she ate I tried to impress on her how much better off she would be working in a nice, warm, clean kitchen, and well fed and clad, than in her present condition. The poor child meekly assented to the proposition, and nothing more; but I presently realised, as I looked at her grimy person and her miserable rags of clothing, that really, unless she were helped, the moment would never come at which that girl would practically be in a position to offer herself for service; that, in fact, she had as much chance of becoming a cook as I have of being a member of Parliament. Well, but perhaps that particular little girl really would not have been willing to go out to service. But now note this next fact. A few days afterwards I received the report of an East London "Settlement," in which it was recorded that in the previous year over six hundred poor little slum girls had applied to be found situations as servants, but that the Settlement had only been able to place about a hundred and fifty. For when we want servants, we all ask for them with some training and with decent clothes and clean persons; and those poverty-bred little girls had neither; so the majority of them went to overcrowded the more miserable occupations, which practically were the only ones open to them. Now, does it not seem that there is a great, beneficent work waiting to be done in just giving the uplift to some thousands of these helpless little ones, who will repay us by becoming the capable domestic workers we so much need?

Consumption is one of the fell diseases that are lessening their ravages in recent times. The death-rate from it has decreased notably, and no doubt the more rational plan of modern treatment has much to do with the improvement. The essentials of the modern treatment have been clearly

and usefully put together in a small pamphlet called "Simple Directions for the Open-Air Treatment of Consumption at Home"; it is published by Messrs. Allen and Unwin, 1, South Court, Lombard Street, and a copy can be obtained from them by any of my readers on written request, enclosing a stamp. A suggested dietary and recipes for using milk and eggs in feeding invalids so as not to clog the appetite with sameness are added.

This is the time of year when the coverts of the world of fashion are mostly blank; but the new materials may be described without fear of error, for they are in hand to a considerable extent. The leading feature is the hairiness of surface of the friezes and cloths. These hairy-surfaced fabrics are called by the generic name of "Zibeline." Irish friezes of a somewhat rough surface are also to be most fashionable. Black flecked with white is to be greatly worn, and tweeds and serges in black fancy canvas-like designs are to be trimmed with white stitchings and strappings, and relieved by vests of satin and lace. The illustrations show the three-quarter coats that are being well made for the approaching season. One is braided and corded, the other strapped with stitchings; both are double-breasted and sac-backed. Fur will, of course, be used on coats a little later on in the year, and I am told that ermine will be fashionable in the shape of revers and neckties. I saw a bow of it at the neck finishing a new model in pale blue Irish frieze, collar and cuffs being also of the dainty white fur.

FILOMENA.



THREE-QUARTER COATS FOR THE APPROACHING SEASON.

all the small charity-schools, which turn out an aggregate of a few hundred girls yearly.

But, again, these institutions are admittedly for neglected or friendless girls; they carry with them—I will not say a taint, but a shade. Now what it seems to me is needed is industrial training; assisted, certainly; but carrying no more implication of parental neglect of the child, or pauperised status on the pupil's part, than a youth feels in attending a South Kensington Art School or a Technical Institute under a County Council, to help him in gaining his industrial training. It is true the conditions must be different, for the girls must be taught practically, and for that must spend much time in the school; but it need not be demoralising charity. They should not be taken unless they desire to train for domestic work, nor till they are of an age to go to service; the period of training need not be very prolonged; the domestic technical school should be open to day as well as to resident scholars, so that those who came by the day need not cost the school much, and those who live on the premises and who cannot pay the maintenance fee fixed should regard it as a debt to be repaid by degrees from their earnings. One of my kind correspondents, Mrs. Buxton, suggests that the girls should be apprentices, "say, for four years, two in the home, two in service, the mistress paying the wages to the home. The home would thus become partly self-supporting, and the two years' wages to the home would take the place of the premiums which the parents would be unable to pay in advance. If the pupils were given a month's trial on

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The Ladies' Field.

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The Kent Argus.

"The famous pearls, the spécialité of this Company, are a veritable dream of soft milky whiteness, no two alike, but changing ever and anon into tender iridescent gleams, or a lovely sheen, thus defying even an expert to detect them from their costly prototypes."

Hearth and Home.

"It is certainly a fact that no jeweller in London has more beautiful designs than the Parisian Diamond Company, whose premises are at 143, Regent Street; 85, New Bond Street, and 43, Burlington Arcade."

Black and White.

"The Parisian Diamond Company is quite the place to visit by all who have an appreciation of the beautiful and the refined."

The World of Dress.

"Jewels of real beauty, grace, and elegance."

The Lady.

"The Parisian Diamond Company numbers among its clients European Royalties and many women of title."

The Whitehall Review.

"The Parisian Diamond Company has discovered the secret of presenting pearls whose purity and lustre equal anything sought after in the rocky depths of the ocean."

The Lady's Realm.

"One of the most beautiful collarettes consists of seven rows of pearls of medium size, with slides of very fine Louis Quinze designs inserted with turquoise, and fastened with a beautiful clasp of the same."

The Lady's Pictorial.

"Moreover, quite apart from any question of monetary value, it is a delight to wear them, for no more exquisite designs and wonderful workmanship could be lavished on gems even were they worth a king's ransom."

Madame.

"Dainty to a degree in their fine artistic settings, the beautiful pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company have justly gained a world-wide reputation. Among these ornaments there are collars of the famous pearls which have been brought to such perfection by the Parisian Diamond Company, and now that fashion has decreed that pearls and diamonds must be worn in lavish profusion, everyone owes a debt of gratitude to the Parisian Diamond Company."

THE QUEEN.

"Every woman seemed to be wearing a Diamond Collar of some kind, either of small trellis work or rows of Diamonds and Pearls, or clasps of Diamonds holding rows of Pearls. I pause to reflect where would costume be without Diamond Buttons just now—they seem to twinkle on every gown. And if it be true that a revival of the Louis Seize period of dress is to be our delight for evening wear, the services of the Diamond button, buckle, and clasp will be more in demand than ever, and we shall berraining blessings on the good offices of the Parisian Diamond Company, and besieging with increased enthusiasm those fascinating establishments of theirs at 143, Regent Street, 85, New Bond Street, and 43, Burlington Arcade."



Scottish Life.

"Pearls that look so beautiful that I can hardly believe they are not real."

The Illustrated London News.

"... What lovely woman would do at this juncture without the pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company, who could say?"

"It has been unquestionably proved that even experts are deceived by the lustrous colour and quality of these pearls."

The Court Journal.

"The Parisian Diamond Company's pearls and other gems are marvellous, while they are set with a refinement which shows that in this branch of the jeweller's art the Company is unrivalled."

Table Talk.

"Their designs this year seem to be more beautiful and artistic than ever, and the extraordinary grace and perfection of the setting of the brilliant and beautiful stones can give one cause for nothing but admiration."

The Mail and Express.

(NEW YORK.)

"... But everything that one sees at the Parisian Diamond Company's establishments is instinct with good taste and perfect workmanship."

The Queen.

"The pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company now hold a recognised position in the fashionable jewellery of the day."

Modern Art.

"Apparently the limit of resourcefulness, in the way of beauty and elegance, has not yet been acknowledged by the Parisian Diamond Company."

The Ladies' Gazette.

"The dainty and exquisite ornaments meets the eye on passing either of the establishments of the Parisian Diamond Company, the Head Branch of which is at 85, New Bond Street."

The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

"As to the designs of the Parisian Diamond Company, they are more beautiful than those into which real gems are wrought, and indeed it would be a clever expert who could tell them from real stones when they are set in exactly the same way, only with far more variation and more art as to form."

Vanity Fair.

"I hear that pearl collars go better with this sort of gown than any other ornament, a fact that makes the Parisian Diamond Company most busy, for their pearls are, as you know, perfection; and they must have someone supernally clever in design at their houses, for I never saw anything more perfectly done than the clasps and slides of Diamonds and other stones mingled with the pearls."

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The Sketch.

"Take, for example, the really splendid jewels that are constantly being produced by the Parisian Diamond Company, which not only rival the costly wares of the greatest jewellers, but in many instances excel them in their beauty and perfection of design."

The Gentlewoman.

"In the great movement for the more artistic designing of jewellery the Parisian Diamond Company are playing a prominent part. We have for years, let us confess it at once, been asleep to the artistic value of the decorative influence of jewels."

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WOUNDED AT NETLEY HOSPITAL.

Netley, always a popular hospital with the soldier, has never had its advantages more appreciated than they now are by the sick and wounded men home from the hardships of the Boer Campaign. A group of its inmates, who recently sat to the photographer, includes a number of men recovering from enteric fever and from other illnesses which have been our worst enemies in South Africa. These, no less than their comrades whose suffering was directly inflicted by Boer shot and shell, share the glories of the campaign. In the middle row Private Saunders (1) of the 2nd West Yorkshires, after passing unscathed through Spion Kop, Colenso, Totzieters Drift, and Beacon Hill, went down at Monte Cristo. Lance-Corporal Pike (2) of the Royal Scottish Fusiliers, got a bullet through his brain at Pieters Hill. The bullet, which entered his forehead and passed out at the top of his skull, left him unconscious for thirteen days, after which he woke up paralysed. One day, while on board ship coming home, he fell out of bed. That might have been the end of Lance-Corporal Pike, but it was not; it was the beginning of a great improvement, the shock restoring to him the use of his right side. Trooper Waites (3) of the Imperial Yeomanry got a fractured knee at Brandport; Private Rooney (4) of the Inniskilling Fusiliers was wounded on the way to relieve Ladysmith; Private Stanley (6) of the Royal Warwick, and Private Manders (8) of the Royal Army Medical Corps, were in a succession of battles before Netley became their destination; and Private Dolan (10) of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, was among the wounded at Pieters Hill. In the front row, Private Parker (1) of the Imperial Yeomanry, Private Green (2) of Kitchener's Horse, Private Brockbank (4) of the 3rd East Lancashires, Private Sertora (6) of the 2nd Wilt, and Private Harris (7) of the 1st Worcesters, are seen, together with others not mentioned, who were invalided home with enteric fever and other ills. In the back row, working from the left, we

have Private Murphy (1) of the 45th Company, with Lord Roberts's force, wounded at Lindley; Private Biddlecombe (2) of the 2nd Lincolns, who met with an accident at Ventersburg; Gunner Power (6), R.C.S., besieged in Ladysmith; Lance-Corporal Shelton (7) of the 1st Mounted Infantry, who was in five engagements before he was invalided home; Private Ballard (8) of the



INVALIDS AT THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL, NETLEY, AUGUST 1900.

Photo supplied by A. Depler.

West Ridings; Corporal Morris (9) of the 1st Durham Light Infantry, with General Buller's force; Sergeant Lawrence (10) of the 1st Border Regiment, who was shot through the brain at Estcourt, and has also made a marvellous recovery, though still paralysed; Private Macdonald (11) of the 1st Royal Canadians, invalided from Belmont; Private Noble (12) of the Ceylon Mounted Infantry; and Private Proulx (13) another of the Royal Canadians, who had his elbow smashed at Paardeberg.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

I am sorry to hear that the latest reports of the Rev. H. C. Shuttleworth, Rector of St. Nicholas, Cole Abbey, are far from satisfactory. Mr. Shuttleworth has never really recovered from the effects of his severe attack of typhoid fever, and is still a complete invalid at Brighton. The *Guardian* says that grave doubts are entertained whether he can again return to his clerical duties.

The courteous invitation of the Rector of Hatfield is certain to be appreciated by the many cyclists who pass through the village on Sunday, and who are kindly assured that no doubt as to the fitness of their costume need deter them from coming to church. Surely the least intelligent of the cycling fraternity would be sorry to miss a chance of worshipping in the Prime Minister's church, of hearing a sermon from his son, and perhaps of seeing Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour sitting side by side in the family pew.

The Primate is now in residence at Canterbury, and august visitors to the Cathedral have the pleasure of seeing him take part in the daily services. Americans especially feel that a visit to Canterbury is robbed of half its success if they do not see the Archbishop. Next to him they are most interested in Dean Farrar.

The programme for the Church Congress is now almost complete. The art exhibition opens on Saturday, Sept. 22, and on the following Monday the important meetings begin. The two great missionary societies will occupy prominent positions during the week, and a feature of the Congress will be the short missionary addresses which were so popular in London last year. The Bishop of Newcastle and Canon Gough have been very busy with the final arrangements.

Dr. Perowne, the venerable Bishop of Worcester, is out of health, and has been ordered to give up public work for the present. The Bishop was born at Burdwan, Bengal, in 1823, so that he is in his seventy-seventh year.

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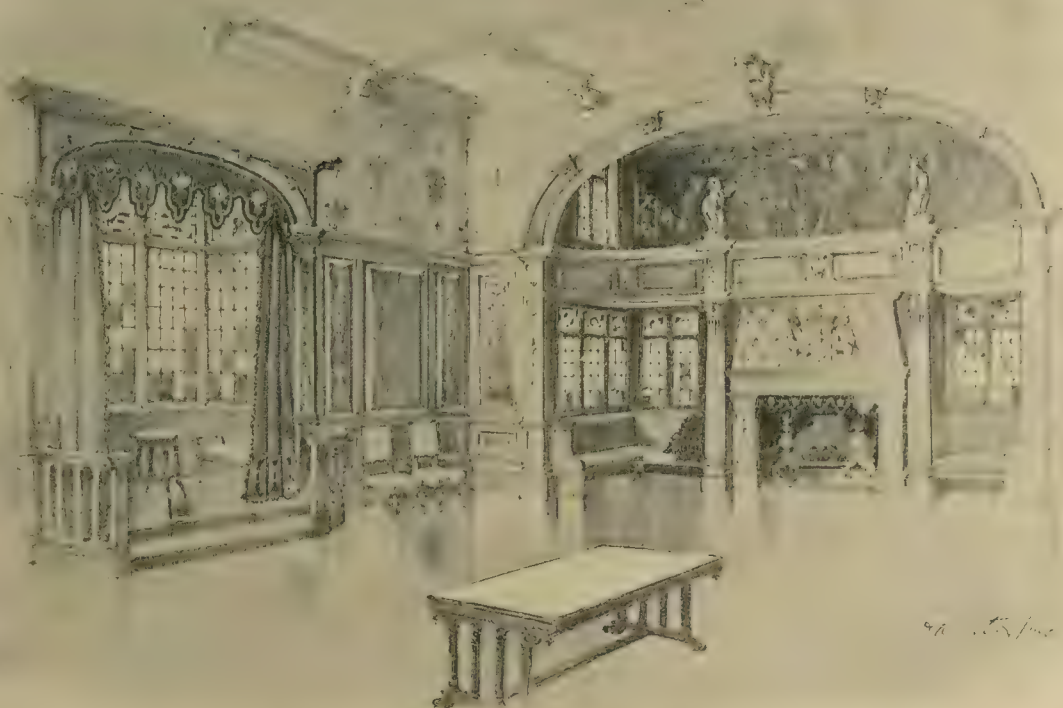
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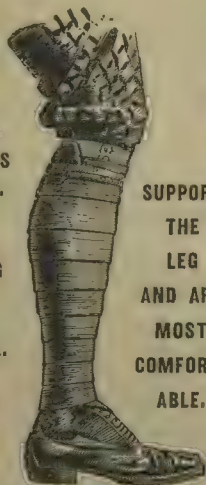
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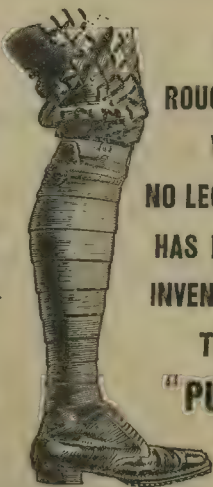
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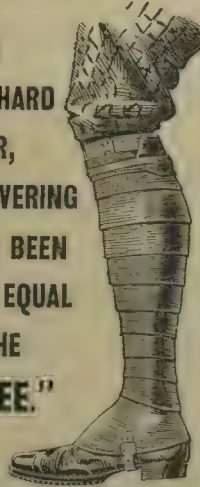
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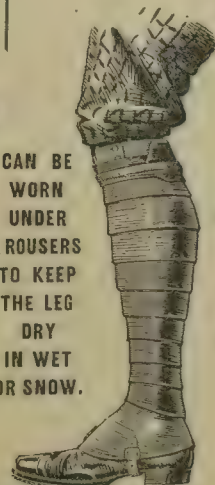
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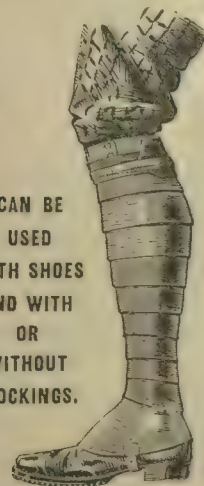
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 22, 1897, with two codicils dated Jan. 3 and April 19, 1900), of Henry Brougham, Baron Loch of Drylaw, of 25, Lowlands Square, and Stoke College, Suffolk, who died on June 20, was proved on Aug. 27 by George John Martin, Esq., and Mortimer Whittingham Price, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £103,294. The testator bequeaths £750 to his wife; his presentation keys and trowels and a Chinese enamel watch to his son, Edward Douglas; £1000 each to his daughters Elizabeth Edith and Evelyn; and £100 each to his executors. A sum of £29,000 is to be held, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife for life, and then as to £15,000 for his son, and £14,000 for his two daughters. All his real and the residue of his personal property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated May 30, 1899, with a codicil dated May 4, 1900), of Mr. Bonamy Mansell Power, of 151, Buckingham Palace Road, who died on July 23, was proved on Aug. 29 by General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., and Sir Ralph Thompson, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £62,303. The testator gives £500 to the Town Hospital of St. Peter's Port, Guernsey; £700 to Bertie Campbell; £150 each to his executors; an annuity of £300 to his friend and valet, Edward Benson; £500 to Wenman Blake; £100 each to Henry Taylor and Maurice O'Connell; his shares in the Pelican Life Office and the relics of Lorenzo de Medici to George Dean Dietz; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves as to two thirds to his niece Julia Bryne, and one third to Mary Fraser.

The will (dated Dec. 6, 1890), with six codicils (dated Feb. 6, 1893, April 20, July 10, and Oct. 18, 1897,



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and Jan. 3 and Oct. 1, 1898), of Mr. James Gwynne Hutchinson, of The Grange, Earby, of Clare House, Horton, and of Windrush, Scarborough, who died on April 2, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on Aug. 14 by Charles Henry Gwynne Hutchinson and James Gwynne Hutchinson, the sons, and Albert Sellers, the executors, the value of the estate being £66,158. The testator gives to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Hutchinson,

May 24, was proved on Aug. 23 by Mrs. Day, the widow, Walter Day, the brother, and Frederick William Day, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £54,007. The testator bequeaths £500, an annuity of £1800, and his horses, carriages, wines, and jewels to his wife; £1000 each to his children Minnie Frederica Beeba, Arthur Percival, Elsie Margaret, Harriet Lilian Griffiths, Ethel Winifred, and Sophia Beatrice; £3000 to his

during her widowhood, an annuity of £300, and the use of his houses at Horton and Scarborough; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves as to one sixth each, upon trust, for his five children, Charles Henry, James, Percival, Lucy, and Mrs. Annie Gwynne Speight; and one sixth, upon trust, for his grandchildren.

The will (dated Oct. 25, 1895) of Captain Alfred Richard Tickell, Chilton, of 26, Hans Crescent, Sloane Street, and formerly of Morris Grove, Merton, Surrey, who died on July 25, was proved on Aug. 22 by Mrs. Caroline Chilton, the widow, and John Eyre, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £46,172. The testator gives £1000 and his household furniture, and during her widowhood an annuity of £300 to his wife; £100 to the Royal Surrey County Hospital (Guildford); £50 to the Seaford Convalescent Home; £100 to his wife's sister, Ethel Getty; £50 each to Frank Hardy and John Eyre; and legacies to servants. His daughter Mrs. Violet Gertrude Mary Martin Francis being already provided for, he leaves the residue of his property, upon trust, for his children Henry Getty, Frank George Gillilan, and Dorothea Frances.

The will (dated March 28, 1899) of Mr. Frederick Frampton Day, of 31, Elvaston Place, South Kensington, and 16, Staining Lane, E.C., who died on

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Does not polish the dirt or rust **in**; polishes it **out**; in fact, cleans **and** polishes at one and the same time, but

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A bright home where brasses, coppers, windows, glasses, in fact everything that should be bright is bright, forming a cheerful picture of bright surroundings. That's the picture of many a home where the housewife has made the acquaintance of MONKEY BRAND.

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residue of his property he leaves as to one moiety, upon trust for his wife for life, and the other moiety, and at the death of his wife the whole thereof, for his children, except his son John.

The will dated Oct. 5, 1899, with a codicil dated May 31, 1900, of Miss Eliza Butterfield, of Holly House, Spilsby Road, Boston, Lincoln, who died on June 4, was proved on Aug. 9 by William Robert Wherry, Albert Edward Kerkham, Wherry, and Thomas Edgar Allison, the executors, the value of the estate being £1894. After giving legacies to executors and servants, the testatrix leaves all her property, in a trust, for her brother Joseph Butterfield Esq. Ld. Subject thereto, she gives £500 between such of her cousins as her executors shall think worthy of assistance; and the ultimate residue for such charitable purposes for the relief of suffering as her executors may select.

The will of Sir Alanzo Moray, K.C.M.G., C.B., of Gairloch, who died on April 8, has been proved in London by Captain C. H. Moray, of Alford, the value of the estate being £25,913.

The will of Mr. Rupert Pennefather Fetherstonhaugh-Frampton, of Marston, Dorchester, and 12, Beaufort Gardens, who died on June 19, was proved on Aug. 20 by

Mrs. Louisa Mary Fetherstonhaugh-Frampton, the widow, and Harry Rupert Fetherstonhaugh-Frampton, the son, the value of the estate being £6803.

The will of Commander the Hon. William Grimston, of Hampton, who died on May 10, was proved on Aug. 18 by the Earl of Verulam, the brother, the value of the estate being £5639.

The will of Mrs. Janet Victoria Munro, of 4, Calverley Park, Tunbridge Wells, who died on July 3, was proved on Aug. 7 by Ronald Martin Cunliffe Munro, the son, the executor, the value of the estate being £4191.

The will of Major-General John Granville Harkness, of Ivy House, Oak, Sussex, who died on June 22, was proved on Aug. 20 by Mrs. Annabella Harriette Harkness, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £8929.

The will of Mrs. Alice Hodgkinson, of Northgate House, Newick-on-Trent, who died on May 29, has been proved in the Nottingham District Registry by Robert Hodgkinson and Commander George Hodgkinson, B.N., the sons and executors, the value of the estate amounting to £8094.

The will of Mrs. Eliza Willis, of 43, Elm Park Gardens, Chelsea, who died on June 11, was proved on Aug. 9

by Charles Edwin Willis, the son, Frederick John Robinson, and George John Robinson Esq. the executors, the value of the estate being £2618.

The Great Western Railway announce that it has been decided to discontinue on Sept. 16, for the present season, the guinea trips which have, during the summer months, been made daily from Paddington Station to Reading-on-Thames, and thence by steam-launch to Cliveden Woods or Pangbourne.

The Great Northern Railway Company are, as usual, making very extensive and complete arrangements in connection with this year's Fenchester Races. The ordinary splendid service of seventeen express trains from London will be fully maintained, and the following additional special expresses will be run: On Monday, Sept. 10, first and third class expresses at ordinary fares will leave London (King's Cross) at 3.18 p.m. and 5.10 p.m. On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Sept. 11, 12, 13, and 14, a special express, with first and third class luncheon-car attached, will leave King's Cross at 9.40 a.m., and arrive at Doncaster at 12.40 p.m. On Friday, Sept. 14 ("Cup" Day), cheap excursion trains will run for one day from Moorgate at 6.37 a.m.: King's Cross (G.N.), 7.

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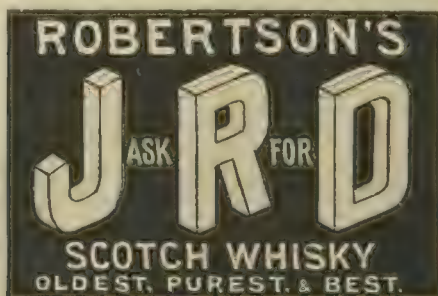
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Mr. B. W. Horsman, 53, Caledonian Street, Leeds, writes as follows—

"I have been married twenty years, and for the greater part of that time my wife has suffered from Indigestion, and has not been able to eat any other flesh meat except mutton, and that only sparingly. She has tried all sorts of medicines without any lasting results, and one of the leading doctors in this city told her she would always be Dyspeptic. Her appetite failed her, and she began to lose flesh. I came across one of your advertisements, in which a similar case was mentioned, and I sent out and got a bottle of Guy's Tonic. I then got another, and now have the satisfaction of saying that Guy's Tonic put her all right, and her Appetite is such that she can eat a dry crust with relish."

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THE FAR EASTERN QUESTION.

Mr. Joseph Walton's "China and the Present Crisis" (Sampson Low) is based on an eight months' tour in the Far East, during which he made it his special object to obtain the views of the best-informed men. As the consequence, we have the opinions of three or four leading Chinese Viceroy and statesmen, several Russian authorities, a few English officials, and the interesting sketch of Chinese affairs by the Newchwang merchant, Mr. Chen-yu-Ting. There is an extraordinary agreement among them all on one point—the defects and shortcomings of British policy. These sentiments are summed up in the terse verdict of Mr. Hillier, the manager of the Hong-Kong and

Shanghai Bank at Peking, to the effect that our "loss of prestige and influence with the Chinese Government is the result of a succession of humiliating surrenders." The first point of value about Mr. Walton's book is that it brings out past political errors and their penalties very clearly. To protest against the want of a policy in China is no doubt hammering on an old and well-worn subject, but Mr. Walton has added a very considerable effort towards the filling up of the void. But the principal merit of this work consists in the accumulated evidence produced as to the magnitude of our commercial interests in China, and as to the manner in which they are menaced—not by fair competition, but by the hostile policies of rival Powers. Mr. Walton gives a very striking

instance of this on page 185, in the case of French Indo-China. He states that in 1885 seven-eighths of the imports came from England, Germany, and Switzerland, but that now this trade has been practically killed by the French protective tariff, and three-fourths of the imports come from France. Another matter in which French interests clash with ours, and to which, in view of what is happening in Indo-China, it is madness to close our eyes, is the systematic policy pursued by France in claiming from the Chinese "exclusive mining rights in the provinces of Yunnan and Szechuen." Yet there is an agreement between England and France to the effect that they are to acquire in those provinces equal terms and conditions!

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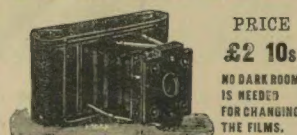
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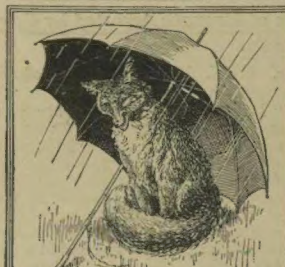
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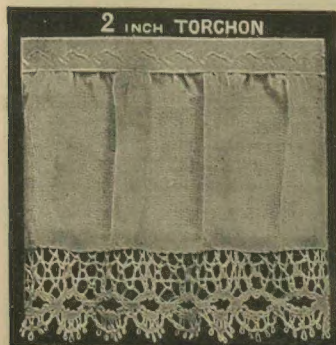
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